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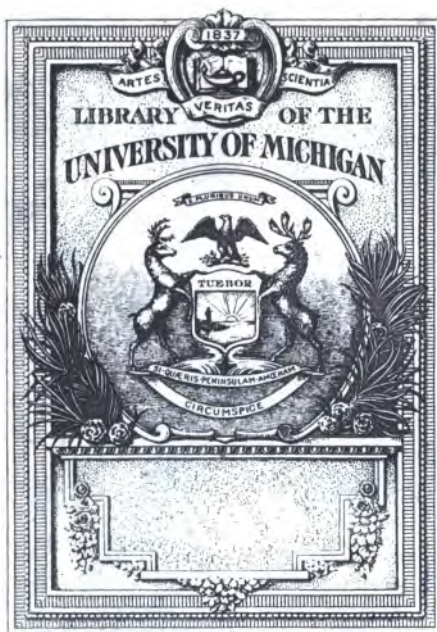
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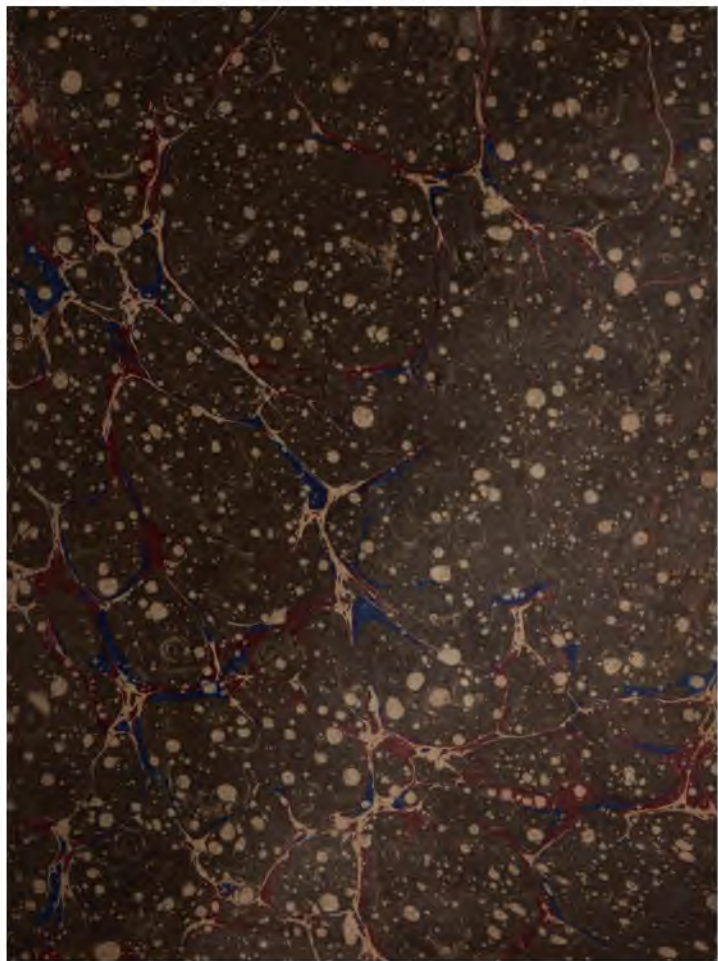
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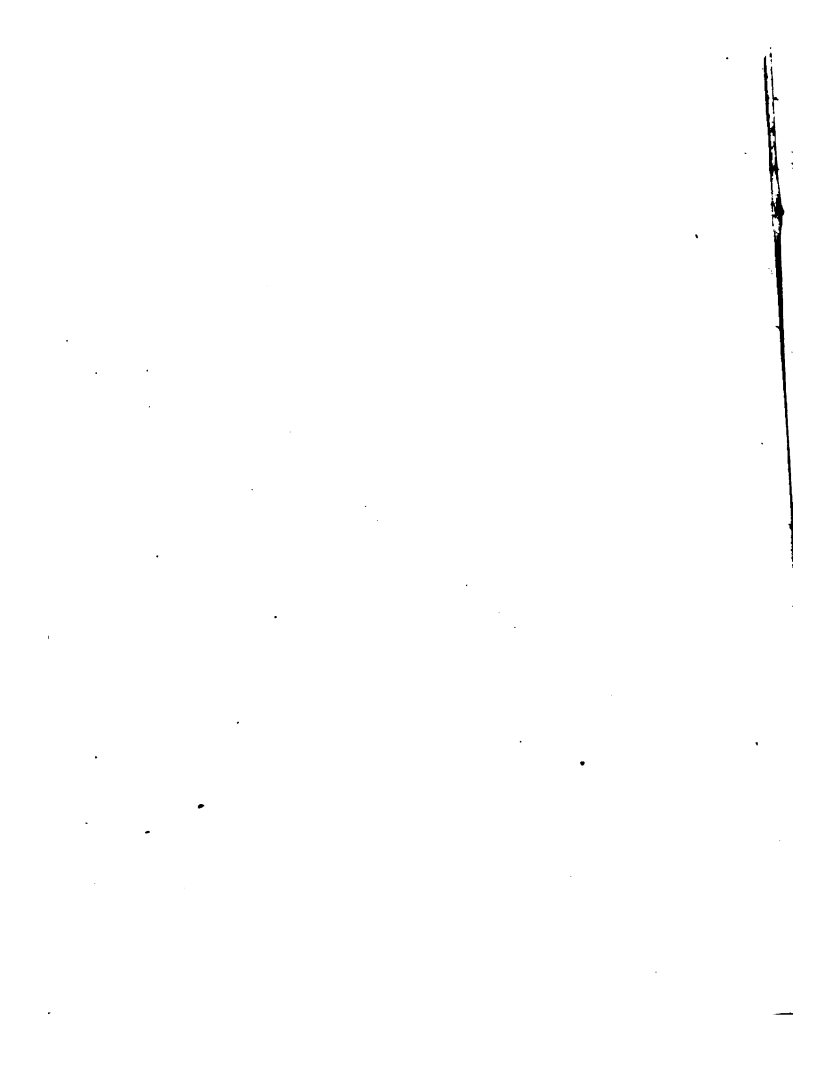




THE GIFT OF

Wm. C. Hollands





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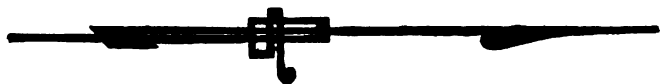
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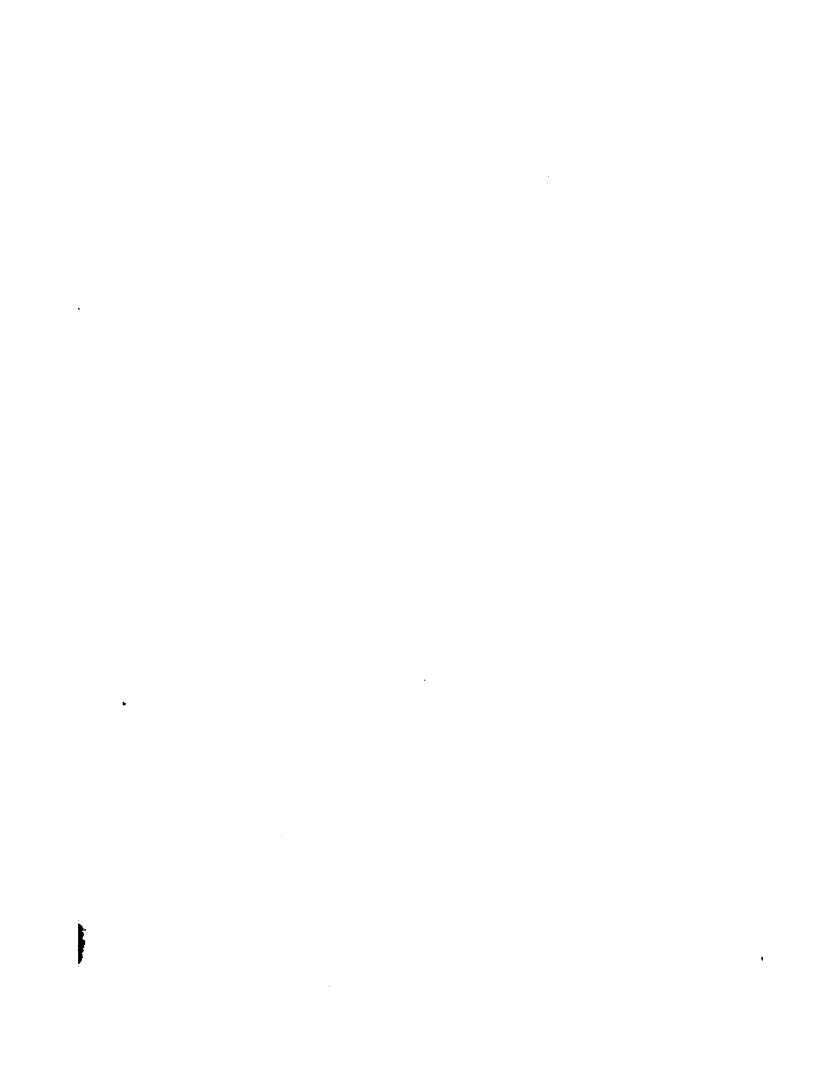
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*The Parlor Muse.*





Parchment-Paper Series.

# *The Parlor Muse:*

*A SELECTION OF*

*VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ*

*FROM MODERN POETS.*



*NEW YORK:*

*D. Appleton & Co., 1, 3, & 5 Bond Street.*

1884.

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Gist  
Wm. C. Hozzands  
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# *The Parlor Muse.*



## THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

YEARS—years ago—ere yet my dreams  
Had been of being wise or witty—  
Ere I had done with writing themes,  
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty ;—  
Years—years ago—while all my joy  
Was in my fowling-piece and filly,—  
In short, while I was yet a boy,  
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball :  
There, where the sounds of flute and fiddle



Gave signal sweet, in that old hall,  
Of hands across and down the middle,  
Hers was the subtlest spell by far  
Of all that set young hearts romancing;  
She was our queen, our rose, our star;  
And then she danced—O Heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;  
Her voice was exquisitely tender;  
Her eyes were full of liquid light;  
I never saw a waist so slender!  
Her every look, her every smile,  
Shot right and left a score of arrows;  
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,  
And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked,—of politics or prayers,—  
Or Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets,—  
Of dangles—or of dancing bears,  
Of battles—or the last new bonnets;

## *The Belle of the Ball-Room. 7*

---

By candlelight, at twelve o'clock,  
To me it mattered not a tittle ;  
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,  
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,  
I loved her with a love eternal ;  
I spoke her praises to the moon,  
I wrote them to the " Sunday Journal."  
My mother laughed ; I soon found out  
That ancient ladies have no feeling ;  
My father frowned ; but how should gout  
See any happiness in kneeling ?

She was the daughter of a Dean—  
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic ;  
She had one brother, just thirteen,  
Whose color was extremely hectic ;  
Her grandmother for many a year  
Had fed the parish with her bounty ;  
Her second cousin was a peer,  
And Lord-Lieutenant of the county.

But titles, and the three per cents,  
And mortgages, and great relations,  
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents—  
Oh! what are they to love's sensations?  
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—  
Such wealth, such honors Cupid chooses;  
He cares as little for the Stocks  
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beach,  
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading.  
She botanized; I envied each  
Young blossom in her boudoir fading:  
She warbled Handel; it was grand;  
She made the Catalini jealous:  
She touched the organ; I could stand  
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,  
Well filled with all an album's glories:  
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,  
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories;

## *The Belle of the Ball-Room. 9*

---

Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,  
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter,  
And autographs of Prince Leboo,  
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshiped, bored ;  
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted ;  
Her poodle dog was quite adored,  
Her sayings were extremely quoted.  
She laughed, and every heart was glad,  
As if the taxes were abolished ;  
She frowned, and every look was sad,  
As if the Opera were demolished.

She smiled on many, just for fun—  
I knew that there was nothing in it ;  
I was the first—the only one  
Her heart had thought of for a minute.—  
I knew it, for she told me so,  
In phrase which was divinely molded ;  
She wrote a charming hand—and oh !  
How sweetly all her notes were folded !

Our love was like most other loves—

A little glow, a little shiver,

A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,

And “Fly not yet”—upon the river;

Some jealousy of some one’s heir,

Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,

A miniature, a lock of hair,

The usual vows—and then we parted.

We parted; months and years rolled by;

We met again four summers after.

Our parting was all sob and sigh,

Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:

For in my heart’s most secret cell

There had been many other lodgers;

And she was not the ball-room’s Belle,

But only—Mrs. Something Rogers!

WINTHROP M. PRÆD.



TU QUOQUE.

*An Idyl in the Conservatory.*

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,  
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,  
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,  
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected  
Wait for three hours to take me down to  
Kew,  
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,  
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,  
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,  
I would not dance with *odious* Miss M'Tavish,  
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you can not suffer  
- Whiff of the best,—the mildest “honey-dew,”  
I would not dance with smoke-consuming  
Puffer,  
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,  
Even to write the “Cynical Review;”—

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,  
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Really! you would? Why, Frank, you're  
quite delightful—  
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue;  
Borrow my fan. I would not look so *frightful*,  
If I were you!

---

FRANK.

“It is the cause”—I mean your chaperon is  
Bringing some well-curved juvenile. Adieu !  
I shall retire. I’d spare that poor Adonis,  
If I were you !

NELLIE.

Go, if you will. At once ! and by express, sir !  
Where shall it be ? To China—or Peru ?  
Go. I should leave inquirers my address, sir,  
If I were you !

FRANK.

No—I remain. To stay and fight a duel  
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do—  
Ah, you are strong—I would not then be cruel,  
If I were you !

NELLIE.

One does not like one’s feelings to be doubted,—

FRANK.

One does not like one’s friends to misconstrue,—



NELLIE.

If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted?—

FRANK.

I should admit that I was *piqué*, too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,  
If I were you! (Waltz.—*Exeunt.*)

AUSTIN DOBSON.



INCOGNITA.

JUST for a space that I met her—  
Just for a day in the train!  
It began when she feared it would wet her,  
That tiniest spurtle of rain:  
So we tucked a great rug in the sashes,  
And carefully padded the pane;  
And I sorrow in sackcloth and ashes,  
Longing to do it again!

Then it grew when she begged me to reach her  
A dressing-case under the seat ;  
She was "really so tiny a creature  
That she needed a stool for her feet !"  
Which was promptly arranged to her order  
With a care that was even minute,  
And a glimpse—of an open-work border,  
And a glance—of the fairiest boot.

Then it drooped, and revived at some hovels—  
"Were they houses for men or for pigs?"  
Then it shifted to muscular novels,  
With a little digression on prigs :  
She thought "Wives and Daughters" "so  
jolly !"  
"Had I read it?" She knew when I had,  
Like the rest, I should dote upon "Molly ;"  
And "poor Mrs. Gaskell—how sad !"

"Like Browning?" "But so-so." His proof  
lay  
Too deep for her frivolous mood,

That preferred your mere metrical *soufflé*  
To the stronger poetical food ;  
Yet at times he was good—"as a tonic ;"  
Was Tennyson writing just now ?  
And was this new poet Byronic,  
And clever, and naughty, or how ?

Then we trifled with concerts and cro-  
quet,  
Then she daintily dusted her face ;  
Then she sprinkled herself with "Ess Bou-  
quet,"  
Fished out from the foregoing case ;  
And we chattered of Gassier and Grisi,  
And voted Aunt Sally a bore ;  
Discussed if the tight rope were easy,  
Or Chopin much harder than Spohr.

And oh ! the odd things that she quoted,  
With the prettiest possible look,  
And the price of two buns that she noted  
In the prettiest possible book,

While her talk like a musical rillet  
Flashed on with the hours that flew ;  
And the carriage, her smile seemed to fill it  
With just enough summer—for Two.

Till at last in her corner, peeping  
From a nest of rugs and of furs,  
With the white shut eyelids sleeping  
On those dangerous looks of hers,  
She seemed like a snowdrop breaking,  
Not wholly alive nor dead,  
But with one blind impulse making  
To the sounds of the spring overhead ;

And I watched in the lamplight's swerving  
The shade of the down-dropped lid,  
And the lip-line's delicate curving,  
Where a slumbering smile lay hid,  
Till I longed that, rather than sever,  
The train should shriek into space,  
And carry us onward—forever—  
Me and that beautiful face.

But she suddenly woke in a fidget,  
With fears she was "nearly at home,"  
And talked of a certain Aunt Bridget,  
Whom I mentally wished—well, at  
Rome;

Got out at the very next station,  
Looking back with a merry *Bon Soir*,  
Adding, too, to my utter vexation,  
A surplus, unkind *Au Revoir*.

So left me to muse on her graces,  
To doze and to muse, till I dreamed  
That we sailed through the sunniest places  
In a glorified galley, it seemed;  
But the cabin was made of a carriage,  
And the ocean was Eau-de-Cologne,  
And we split on a rock labeled MAR-  
RIAGE,  
And I woke—as cold as a stone.

And that's how I lost her—a jewel—  
*Incognita*—one in a crowd,

Not prudent enough to be cruel,  
Not worldly enough to be proud.  
It was just a shut lid and its lashes,  
Just a few hours in a train,  
And I sorrow in sackcloth and ashes,  
Longing to see her again !

AUSTIN DOBSON.



DORA *versus* ROSE.

*"The case is proceeding."*

FROM the tragic-est novels at Mudie's—  
At least, on a practical plan—  
To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,  
One love is enough for a man.  
But no case that I ever yet met is  
Like mine : I am equally fond  
Of Rose, who a charming brunette is,  
And Dora, a blonde.

Each rivals the other in powers—

Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints—

Miss Rose, chiefly tumble-down towers;

Miss Do., perpendicular saints.

In short, to distinguish is folly;

'Twixt the pair, I am come to the pass  
Of Macheath between Lucy and Polly—  
Or Buridan's ass.

If it happens that Rose I have singled

For a soft celebration in rhyme,

Then the ringlets of Dora get mingled

Somehow with the tune and the time;

Or I painfully pen me a sonnet

To an eyebrow intended for Do.'s,

And behold! I am writing upon it

The legend, "To Rose."

Or I try to draw Dora (my blotter

Is all overscrawled with her head);

If I fancy at last that I've got her,

It turns to her rival instead;

---

Or I find myself placidly adding  
To the rapturous tresses of Rose  
Miss Dora's bud-mouth, and her madding,  
Ineffable nose.

Was there ever so sad a dilemma?  
For Rose I would perish (*pro tem.*);  
For Dora I'd willingly stem a—  
(Whatever might offer to stem);  
But to make the invidious election—  
To declare that on either one's side  
I've a scruple—a grain more affection,  
I *can not* decide.

And as either so hopelessly nice is,  
My sole and my final resource  
Is to wait some indefinite crisis—  
Some feat of molecular force,  
To solve me this riddle, conducive  
By no means to peace or repose,  
Since the issue can scarce be inclusive  
Of Dora *and* Rose.



*(After-thought.)*

But, perhaps, if a third (say a Norah),  
Not quite so delightful as Rose—  
Not wholly so charming as Dora—  
Should appear, is it wrong to suppose—  
As the claims of the others are equal—  
And flight—in the main—is the best—  
That I might . . . But no matter—the sequel  
Is easily guessed.

AUSTIN DOBSON.



### TO MY MISTRESS'S BOOTS.

THEY nearly strike me dumb,  
And I tremble when they come.  
Pit-a-pat:  
This palpitation means  
That these boots are Geraldine's,—  
Think of that.

*To my Mistress's Boots.* 23

---

O, where did hunter win  
So delicate a skin  
                    For her feet?  
You lucky little kid,  
You perished, so you did,  
                    For my sweet!

The fairy stitching gleams  
On the sides, and in the seams,  
                    And it shows  
The Pixies were the wags  
Who tipped these funny tags  
                    And these toes.

What soles to charm an elf!  
Had Crusoe, sick of self,  
                    Chanced to view  
One printed near the tide,  
O, how hard he would have tried  
                    For the two!

For Gerry's debonair,  
And innocent and fair  
                    As a rose.  
She's an angel in a frock,  
With a fascinating cock  
                    To her nose.

Those simpletons who squeeze  
Their extremities, to please  
                    Mandarins,  
Would positively flinch  
From venturing to pinch  
                    Geraldine's.

Cinderella's *lefts and rights*  
To Geraldine's were frights,  
                    And I trow  
The damsel, deftly shod,  
Has dutifully trod  
                    Until now.

Come, Gerry, since it suits  
Such a pretty puss-in-boots  
                                  These to don,  
Set this dainty hand awhile  
On my shoulder, dear, and I'll  
                                  Put them on.

FREDERICK LOCKER.



## HERMIONÉ.

WHEREVER I wander, up and about,  
This is the puzzle I can't make out—  
Because I care little for books, no doubt:

I have a wife, and she is wise,  
    Deep in philosophy, strong in Greek ;  
Spectacles shadow her pretty eyes,  
    Coteries rustle to hear her speak ;  
She writes a little—for love, not fame ;

Has published a book with a dreary name ;  
And yet (God bless her!) is mild and meek.  
And how I happened to woo and wed  
A wife so pretty and wise withal,  
Is part of the puzzle that fills my head—  
Plagues me at day-time, racks me in bed,  
Haunts me, and makes me appear so small.  
The only answer that I can see  
Is—I could not have married *Hermioné*  
(That is her fine wise name), but she  
Stooped in her wisdom and married me.

For I am a fellow of no degree,  
Given to romping and jollity ;  
The Latin they thrashed into me at school  
The world and its fights have thrashed  
away ;  
At figures alone I am no fool,  
And in city circles I say my say.  
But I am a dunce at twenty-nine,  
And the kind of study that I think fine

---

Is a chapter of Dickens, a sheet of the  
"Times"

When I lounge, after work, in my easy-chair;  
"Punch" for humor, and Praed for rhymes,  
And the butterfly *mots* blown here and there  
By the idle breath of the social air.  
A little French is my only gift,  
Wherewith at times I can make a shift,  
Guessing at meanings, to flutter over  
A filigree tale in a paper cover.

Hermioné, my Hermioné!  
What could your wisdom perceive in me?  
And, Hermioné, my Hermioné!  
How does it happen at all that we  
Love one another so utterly?  
Well, I have a bright-eyed boy of two,  
A darling, who cries with lung and tongue  
about:  
As fine a fellow, I swear to you,  
As ever poet of sentiment sung about!

And my lady-wife with the serious eyes  
Brightens and lightens when he is nigh,  
And looks, although she is deep and wise,  
As foolish and happy as he or I !  
And I have the courage just then, you see,  
To kiss the lips of Hermioné—  
Those learnèd lips that the learnèd praise—  
And to clasp her close as in sillier days ;  
To talk and joke in a frolic vein ;  
To tell her my stories of things and men ;  
And it never strikes me that I am profane,  
For she laughs and blushes, and kisses  
again !  
And presto ! fly goes her wisdom then !  
The boy claps hands, and is up on her breast,  
Roaring to see her so bright with mirth ;  
And I know she deems me (oh the jest !)  
The cleverest fellow on all the earth !

And Hermioné, my Hermioné,  
Nurses her boy and defers to me ;

Does not seem to see I'm small—  
Even to think me a dunce at all!  
And wherever I wander, up and about,  
Here is the puzzle I can't make out:  
That Hermioné, my Hermioné,  
In spite of her Greek and philosophy,  
When sporting at night with her boy and  
me,  
Seems sweeter and wiser, I assever—  
Sweeter and wiser, and far more clever,  
And makes me feel more foolish than ever,  
Through her childish, girlish, joyous grace,  
And the silly pride in her learnèd face!

That is the puzzle I can't make out—  
Because I care little for books, no doubt;  
But the puzzle is pleasant, I know not why,  
For, whenever I think of it, night or morn,  
I thank my God she is wise, and I  
The happiest fool that was ever born.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.



## "BEAUTY CLARE."

HALF Lucrece, half Messalina,  
Lovely piece of Sèvres china,  
When I see you, I compare  
You with common, quiet creatures,  
Homely delf in ways and features—  
Beauty Clare!

Surely Nature must have meant you  
For a Siren when she sent you  
That sweet voice and glittering hair;  
Was it touch of human passion  
Made you woman, in a fashion—  
Beauty Clare?

I think not. The moral door-step  
Cautiously you never o'erstep  
When your victims you ensnare—

---

Lead them on with hopes—deceive them—  
Then turn coldly round, and leave them,  
Beauty Clare.

Some new slave I note each season,  
Wearing life away, his knees on  
(Moths around the taper's flare !)  
Guardsmen fine—or young attaché,  
Black and smooth as papier-maché,  
Beauty Clare.

In your box I see them dangling,  
Triumphs of successful angling,  
Trophies ranged behind your chair;  
How they watch the fan you flutter !  
How they drink each word you utter,  
Beauty Clare !

When at kettle-drums presiding,  
I admire your tact, dividing  
Smiles to each, in equal share,

Lest one slave wax over-jealous,  
Or another grow less zealous,  
Beauty Clare!

What perfection in your waltzing!  
How in vain the women all sing  
When you warble some sweet air!  
But your sentimental ditty  
Over—you are then the witty  
Beauty Clare.

How you light the smoldering embers  
Of decrepit Peers and Members!  
While you still have smiles to spare  
For a new-fledged boy from college,  
Sitting at *your* feet for knowledge!  
Beauty Clare!

At your country-seat in Salop,  
What contention for a gallop  
With you on your chestnut mare!

---

How the country misses hate you,  
Seeing o'er a five-barred gate—you,  
Beauty Clare!

All-accomplished little creature!  
Fatally endowed by nature—  
Were your inward soul laid bare,  
What should we discover under  
That seductive mask, I wonder,  
Beauty Clare?

HAMILTON AIDÉ.



### UNDER THE TREES.

“UNDER the trees!” who but agrees  
That there is magic in words such as these?  
Promptly one sees shake in the breeze  
Stately lime avenues haunted of bees:  
Where, looking far over buttercupped leas,  
Lads and “fair shes” (that is Byron’s, and  
he’s

An authority) lie very much at their ease,  
Taking their teas, or their duck and green peas,  
Or, if they prefer it, their plain bread and  
cheese :

Not objecting at all, though its rather a squeeze,  
And the glass is, I daresay, at eighty degrees.  
Some get up glees, and are mad about Ries,  
And Sainton, and Tambulik's thrilling high C's ;  
Or, if painter, hold forth upon Hunt and Maclise,  
And the breadth of that landscape of Lee's ;  
Or, if learned, on nodes and the moon's apo-  
gees ;

Or, if serious, on something of A. K. H. B.'s,  
Or the latest attempt to convert the Chaldees ;  
Or, in short, about all things, from earthquakes  
to fleas.

Some sit in twos or (less frequently) threes,  
With their innocent lamb's-wool or book on  
their knees,

And talk and enact any nonsense you please,  
As they gaze into eyes that are blue as the seas,

And you hear an occasional "Harry, don't  
tease,"

From the sweetest of lips in the softest of  
keys,

And other remarks which to me are Chinese.

And fast the time flees, till a lady-like sneeze,

Or a portly papa's more elaborate wheeze,

Makes Miss Tabitha seize on her brown muf-  
fetees

And announce as a fact that it's going to  
freeze,

And that young people ought to attend to their  
P's

And their Q's, and not court every form of  
disease.

Then Tommy eats up the three last ratafias,

And pretty Louise wraps her *robe de cerise*

Round a bosom as tender as Widow Machree's,

And (in spite of the pleas of her lorn *vis à vis*)

Goes and wraps up her uncle—a patient of  
Skey's,

Who is prone to catch chills, like all old Bengalese :—

But at bedtime I trust he'll remember to grease

The bridge of his nose, and preserve his rupees

From the premature clutch of his fond legatees ;

Or at least have no fees to pay any M. D.'s  
For the cold his niece caught sitting under the trees.

C. S. CALVERLEY.



A, B, C.

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen ;

B is the Ball where the Angel was seen ;

C is her Chaperon, who cheated at cards ;

D is the Deuxtemps, with Frank of the Guards ;

E is her Eye, killing slowly but surely ;

F is the Fan, whence it peeped so demurely ;

G is the Glove of superlative kid ;  
H is the Hand which it spitefully hid ;  
I is the Ice, which the fair one demanded ;  
J is the Juvenile, that dainty who handed ;  
K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art ;  
L is the Lace which composed the chief part ;  
M is the old Maid who watched the chits dance ;  
N is the Nose she turned up at each glance ;  
O is the Olga (just then in its prime) ;  
P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time ;  
Q is a Quadrille, put instead of the Lancers ;  
R the Remonstrances made by the dancers ;  
S is the Supper, where all went in pairs ;  
T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs ;  
U is the Uncle who "thought he'd be goin' " ;  
V is the Voice which his niece replied "No" in ;  
W is the Waiter, who sat up till eight ;  
X is his Exit, not rigidly straight ;  
Y is a yawning fit caused by the Ball ;  
Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

C. S. CALVERLEY.



## FLIGHT.

O MEMORY! that which I gave thee  
To guard in thy garner yestreen—  
Little deeming thou e'er couldst behave  
thee

Thus basely—hath gone from thee clean!  
Gone, fled, as ere autumn is ended  
The yellow leaves flee from the oak—  
I have lost it forever, my splendid  
Original joke.

What was it? I know I was brushing  
My hair when the notion occurred:  
I know that I felt myself blushing  
As I thought, "How supremely absurd!  
How they'll hammer on floor and on table  
As its drollery dawns on them—how  
They will quote it"—I wish I were able  
To quote it just now.

---

I had thought to lead up conversation  
To the subject—it's easily done—  
Then let off, as an airy creation  
Of the moment, that masterly pun.  
Let it off, with a flash like a rocket's ;  
In the midst of a dazzled conclave,  
While I sat, with my hands in my pockets,  
The only one grave.

I had fancied young Titterton's chuckles,  
And old Bottleby's hearty guffaws  
As he drove at my ribs with his knuckles,  
His mode of expressing applause :  
While Jean Bottleby—queenly Miss Janet—  
Drew her handkerchief hastily out,  
In fits at my slyness—what can it  
Have all been about ?

I know 'twas the happiest, quaintest  
Combination of pathos and fun :  
But I've got no idea—the faintest—  
Of what was the actual pun.

I think it was somehow connected  
With something I'd recently read—  
Or heard—or perhaps recollected  
On going to bed.

What *had* I been reading? The "Standard":  
"Double Bigamy"; "Speech of the mayor."  
And later—eh? yes! I meandered  
Through some chapters of "Vanity Fair."  
How it fuses the grave with the festive!  
Yet e'en there, there is nothing so fine—  
So playfully, subtly suggestive—  
As that joke of mine.

Did it hinge upon "parting asunder"?  
No, I don't part my hair with my brush.  
Was the point of it "hair"? Now I wonder!  
Stop a bit—I shall think of it—hush!  
There's *hare*, a wild animal.—Stuff!  
It was something a deal more recondite:  
Of that I am certain enough;  
And of nothing beyond it.

---

Hair—*locks* ! There are probably many  
Good things to be said about those.  
Give me time—that's the best guess of any—  
“Lock” has several meanings, one knows.  
Iron locks—*iron-gray locks*—a “deadlock”  
That would set up an every-day wit:  
Then of course there's the obvious “wedlock”;  
But that wasn't it.

No! mine was a joke for the ages:  
Full of intricate meaning and pith;  
A feast for your scholars and sages—  
How it would have rejoiced Sydney Smith!  
'Tis such thoughts that ennoble a mortal;  
And, singling him out from the herd,  
Fling wide immortality's portal—  
But what was the word?

Ah me! 'tis a bootless endeavor.  
As the flight of a bird of the air  
Is the flight of a joke—you will never  
See the same one again, you may swear.

'Twas my first-born, and oh ! how I prized it !  
My darling, my treasure, my own !  
This brain and none other devised it—  
And now it has flown.

C. S. CALVERLEY.



FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA.

*From "Bab Ballads."*

PART I.

AT a pleasant evening party I had taken down  
to supper  
One whom I will call Elvira, and we talked of  
love and Tupper,  
  
Mr. Tupper and the poets, very lightly with  
them dealing,  
For I've always been distinguished for a strong  
poetic feeling.

*Ferdinando and Elvira.* 43

---

Then we let off paper crackers, each of which  
contained a motto,

And she listened while I read them, till her  
mother told her not to.

Then she whispered, "To the ball-room we  
had better, dear, be walking ;

If we stop down here much longer, really people  
will be talking."

There were noblemen in coronets, and military  
cousins,

There were captains by the hundred, there  
were baronets by dozens,

Yet she heeded not their offers, but dismissed  
them with a blessing ;

Then she let down all her back-hair which had  
taken long in dressing ;

Then she had convulsive sobbings in her agi-  
tated throttle,

Then she wiped her pretty eyes and smelt her  
pretty smelling-bottle.

So I whispered, "Dear Elvira, say—what can  
the matter be with you?"

Does anything you've eaten, darling Popsy,  
disagree with you?"

But spite of all I said, her sobs grew more and  
more distressing,

And she tore her pretty back-hair, which had  
taken long in dressing.

Then she gazed upon the carpet, at the ceiling  
then above me,

And she whispered, "Ferdinando, do you  
really, *really* love me?"

"Love you?" said I, then I sighed, and then I  
gazed upon her sweetly—

For I think I do this sort of thing particularly  
neatly—

"Send me to the Arctic regions, or illimitable  
azure,

On a scientific goose-chase, with my Coxwell  
or my Glaisher!

*Ferdinando and Elvira.* 45

---

“Tell me whither I may hie me, tell me, dear  
one, that I may know—  
Is it up the highest Andes? down a horrible  
volcano?”

But she said, “It isn’t polar bears, or hot volcanic grottoes,  
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely  
cracker mottoes!”

PART II.

“Tell me, Henry Wadsworth, Alfred, Poet  
Close, or Mister Tupper,  
Do you write the bonbon mottoes my Elvira  
pulls at supper?”

But Henry Wadsworth smiled, and said he  
had not had that honor:  
And Alfred, too, disclaimed the words that  
told so much upon her.



“Mister Martin Tupper, Poet Close, I beg of  
you inform us”;

But my question seemed to throw them both  
into a rage enormous.

Mister Close expressed a wish that he could  
only get anigh to me.

And Mister Martin Tupper sent the following  
reply to me:

“A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men  
dread a bandit,”

Which I know was very clever; but I didn’t  
understand it.

Seven weary years I wandered—Patagonia,  
China, Norway,

Till at last I sank exhausted at a pastry-cook  
his doorway.

There were fuchsias and geraniums, and daffo-  
dils and myrtle,

So I entered, and I ordered half a basin of  
mock turtle.

*Ferdinando and Elvira.* 47

---

He was plump and he was chubby, he was  
smooth and he was rosy,  
And his little wife was pretty, and particularly  
cozy.

And he chirped and sang, and skipped about,  
and laughed with laughter hearty—  
He was wonderfully active for so very stout a  
party.

And I said, "O gentle pieman, why so very,  
very merry?  
Is it purity of conscience, or your one-and-  
seven sherry?"

But he answered, "I'm so happy—no profes-  
sion could be dearer—  
If I am not humming 'Tra! la! la!' I'm sing-  
ing 'Tirer, lirer!'"

"First I go and make the patties, and the pud-  
dings and the jellies,  
Then I make a sugar bird-cage, which upon a  
table swell is;

"Then I polish all the silver, which a supper-  
table lacquers ;

Then I write the pretty mottoes which you  
find inside the crackers—"

"Found at last!" I madly shouted. "Gentle  
pieman, you astound me!"

Then I waved the turtle-soup enthusiastically  
round me!

And I shouted and I danced until he'd quite a  
crowd around him—

And I rushed away, exclaiming, "I have found  
him! I have found him!"

And I heard the gentle pieman in the road be-  
hind me trilling,

"'Tira! lira!' stop him, stop him! 'Tra! la!  
la!' the soup's a shilling!"

But until I reached Elvira's home, I never,  
never waited,

And Elvira to her Ferdinand's irrevocably  
mated!

WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

UP THE AISLE—NELL LATINE'S  
WEDDING.

TAKE my cloak—and now fix my veil, Jenny ;  
How silly to cover one's face !  
I might as well be an old woman ;  
But then there's one comfort—it's lace.  
Well, what *has* become of those ushers !  
O pa ! have you got my bouquet ?—  
I'll freeze standing here in the lobby—  
Why doesn't the organist play ?—  
They're started at last—what a bustle !—  
Stop, pa !—they're not far enough—wait !  
One minute more—now !—*do* keep step, pa !  
There, drop my trail, Jane !—is it straight ?  
I hope I look timid, and shrinking ;  
The church must be perfectly full—  
Good gracious ! now *don't* walk so fast, pa !—  
He don't seem to think that trains pull.  
The chancel at last—mind the step, pa !—  
I don't feel embarrassed at all.—

But, my! what's the minister saying?

Oh, I know; that part 'bout Saint Paul.

I hope my position is graceful;

How awkwardly Nelly Dane stood!—

“Not lawfully be joined together—

Now speak”—as if any one would!—

Oh, dear! now it's my turn to answer—

I do wish that pa would stand still.

“Serve him, love, honor, and keep him”—

How sweetly he says it!—I will.

Where's pa?—there, I knew he'd forget it,

When the time came to give me away—

“I, Helena, take thee—love—cherish—

And”—well, I can't help it—“obey.”

Here, Maud, take my bouquet—don't drop  
it!

I hope Charley's not lost the ring;

Just like him!—no!—goodness, how heavy!

It's really an elegant thing.

It's a shame to kneel down in white satin—

And the flounce, real old lace—but I  
must;

---

I hope they've got a clean cushion,  
They're usually covered with dust.  
All over—ah! thanks!—now, don't fuss, pa!—  
Just throw back my veil, Charley—there—  
Oh, bother! why couldn't he kiss me  
Without mussing up all my hair!—  
Your arm, Charley, there goes the organ—  
Who'd think there would be such a  
crowd?  
Oh, I mustn't look round, I'd forgotten—  
See, Charley, who was it that bowed?  
Why—it's Nelly Allaire with her husband—  
She's awfully jealous, I know;  
'Most all of my things were imported,  
And she had a home-made trousseau,  
And there's Annie Wheeler—Kate Her-  
mon,—  
I didn't expect her at all,—  
If she's not in that same old blue satin  
She wore at the Charity Ball!  
Is that Fanny Wade?—Edith Pearton—  
And Emma, and Jo—all the girls?

I knew they'd not miss my wedding—  
I hope they'll all notice my pearls.  
Is the carriage there?—give me my cloak,  
Jane—  
Don't get it all over my veil—  
No! you take the other seat, Charley,  
I need all this for my trail.

GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.



### TO YOUNGSTERS.

GOLDEN hair and eyes of blue,—  
What won't they do?—what won't they do?  
Eyes of blue and locks of gold—  
My boy, you'll learn before you're old.  
The gaitered foot, the taper waist—  
Be not in haste, be not in haste;  
Before your chin sprout twenty spear,  
My word for 't, youngster, they'll appear.

Raven hair and eyes of night  
Undo the boys (it serves 'em right);  
Eyes of night and raven hair,  
They'll drive you, Hopeful, to despair.  
The drooping curl, the downward glance,  
They're only waiting for the chance;  
At nick of time they'll sure appear,  
Depend upon it, laddie dear.

Shapely hands and arms of snow,  
They know their charm, my boy, they know;  
Flexile wrists and fleckless hands,  
The lass that has them understands.  
The cheeks that blush, the lips that smile—  
A little while, a little while—  
Before you know it, they'll be here,  
And catch you napping, laddie dear.

Hands, and hair, and lips, and eyes—  
'Tis there the tyro's danger lies.  
You'll meet them leagued, or one by one;  
In either case the mischief's done.



A touch, a tress, a glance, a sigh,  
And then, my boy, good-by—good-by !  
God help you, youngster ! keep good cheer ;  
Coax on your chin to twenty spear.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

*From "The Century Magazine."*



## THE HAT.

*Recited by M. Coquelin, of the Comédie Française.*

[In Paris, monologues are the fashion. Some are in verse ; some are in prose. At every matinée, dinner-party, or *soirée* the mistress of the entertainment makes it her duty to provide some little scenic recitation, to be gone through by Saint-Germain or Coquelin. One which recently enjoyed great success entitled "The Hat," we here offer in an English version.]

*Mise en Scène :* A gentleman holding his hat.

WELL, yes ! On Tuesday last the knot was  
tied—  
Tied hard and fast ; that can not be denied.

---

I'm caught, I'm caged, from the law's point of  
view,

Before two witnesses, good men and true.  
I'm licensed, stamped: undo the deed who can;  
Three hundred francs made me a married  
man.

Who would have thought it! Married!  
How? What for?

I who was ranked a strict old bachelor;  
I who through halls with married people  
crammed

Infused a kind of odor of the damned;  
I who declined—and gave lame raisons why—  
Five, six, good comfortable matches; I  
Who every morning when I came to dress  
Found I had one day more, and some hairs  
less;

I whom all mothers slander and despise,  
Because girls find no favor in my eyes—  
Married! A married man! Beyond—a—  
doubt!

How, do you ask, came such a thing about?  
What prompted *me* to dare connubial bliss?  
What worked the wondrous metamorphosis?  
What made so great a change—a change like  
that?

Imagine. Guess. You give it up?

A hat!

A hat, in short, like all the hats you see—  
A plain silk stove-pipe hat. *This* did for me.  
A plain black hat, just like the one that's here.

A hat?

Why, yes.

But how?

Well, lend an ear.

One day this winter I went out to dine.  
All was first-rate—the style, the food, the wine.  
A concert afterward—*en règle*—just so.  
The hour arrived. I entered, bowing low,  
My heels together. Then I placed my hat  
On something near, and joined the general chat.

---

At half-past eight we dined. All went off well.  
Trust me for being competent to tell!  
I sat between two ladies—mute as fishes—  
With nothing else to do but count the dishes.  
I learned each item in each course by heart.  
I hate tobacco, but as smoke might part  
Me from those ladies, with a sober face  
I took a strong cigar, and kept my place.  
The concert was announced for half-past ten,  
And at that hour I joined a crowd of men.  
The ladies, arm to arm, sweet, white, we  
    found,  
Like rows of sugared almonds, seated round.  
I leaned against the door—there was no chair.  
A stout, fierce gentleman, got up with care  
(A cuirassier I set him down to be),  
Leaned on the other door-post, hard by me,  
Whilst far off in the distance some poor girl  
Sang, with her love-lorn ringlets out of curl,  
Some trashy stuff of love and love's distress.  
I could see nothing, and could hear still less.  
Still, I applauded, for politeness' sake.

Next a dress-coat of fashionable make  
Came forward and began. It clad a poet.  
That's the last mode in Paris. Did you know it?  
Your host or hostess, after dinner, chooses  
To serve you up some effort of the Muses,  
Recited with *vim*, gestures, and by-play  
By some one borrowed from the great Fran-  
çais.

I blush to write it—poems, you must know,  
All make me sleepy; and it was so now.  
For as I listened to the distant drone  
Of the smooth lines, I felt my lids droop down,  
And a strange torpor I could not ignore  
Came creeping o'er me:

“Heavens! suppose I snore!  
Let me get out,” I cried, “or else—”

With that  
I cast my eyes around to find my hat.

The *console* where I laid it down, alas!  
Was now surrounded (not a mouse could pass)

---

By triple rows of ladies gayly dressed,  
Who fanned and listened calmly, undistressed.  
No man through that fair crowd could work  
his way.

Rank behind rank rose heads in bright array.  
Diamonds were there, and flowers, and, lower  
still,  
Such lovely shoulders! Not the smallest thrill  
They raised in me. My thoughts were of my  
hat.

It lay beyond where all those ladies sat,  
Under a candelabrum, shiny, bright,  
Smooth as when last I brushed it, full in sight,  
Whilst I, far off, with yearning glances tried  
Whether I could not lure it to my side.

"Why may my hand not put thee on my head,  
And quit this stifling room?" I fondly said.

"Respond, dear hat, to a magnetic throb.  
Come, little darling; cleave this female mob.  
Fly over heads; creep under. Come, oh, come!  
Escape. We'll find no poetry at home."

And all the while did that dull poem creep  
Drearly on, till, sick at last with sleep,  
My eyes fixed straight before me with a stare,  
I groaned within me :

“Come, my hat—fresh air !  
My darling, let us both get out together.  
Here all is hot and close ; outside, the weather  
Is simply perfect, and the pavement’s dry.  
Come, come, my hat—one effort ! Do but try.  
Sweet thoughts the silence and soft moon will stir  
Beneath thy shelter.”

Here a voice cried :  
“Sir,  
Have you done staring at my daughter yet?  
By Jove ! sir.”

My astonished glance here met  
The angry red face of my cuirassier.  
I did not quail before his look severe,  
But said, politely,

“Pardon, sir, but I  
Do not so much as know her.”

“What, sir ! Why,

My daughter's yonder, sir, beside that table.  
Pink ribbons, sir. Don't tell me you're un-  
able

To understand."

"But, sir—"

"I don't suppose

You mean to tell me—"

"Really—"

"Who but knows

Your way of dealing with young ladies,  
sir?

I'll have no trifling, if you please, with her."

"Trifling?"

"Yes, sir. You know you've jilted five.  
Every one knows it—every man alive."

"Allow me—"

"No, sir. Every father knows  
Your reputation, damaging to those  
Who—"

"Sir, indeed—"

"How dare you in this place  
Stare half an hour in my daughter's face?"



"*Sapristi, monsieur!* I protest—I swear—  
I never looked at her."

"Indeed! What were  
You looking at, then?"

"Sir, I'll tell you *that*—  
My hat, sir."

"*Morbleu!* looking at your hat!"  
"Yes, sir, it *was* my hat."

My color rose:  
He angered me, this man who would suppose  
I thought of nothing but his girl.

Meantime  
The black coat maundered on in dreary rhyme.  
Papa and I, getting more angry ever,  
Exchanged fierce glances, speaking both to-  
gether,

While no one round us knew what we were at.  
"It was my daughter, sir."

"No, sir—my hat."  
"Speak lower, gentlemen," said some one near.  
"You'll give account for this, sir. Do you  
hear?"

"Of course, sir."

"Then before the world's astir,  
You'll get my card, sir."

"I'll be ready, sir."

A pretty quarrel! Don't you think it so?  
A moment after, all exclaimed, "Bravo!"  
Black coat had finished. All the audience  
made

A general move toward ice and lemonade.  
The coast was clear; my way was open  
now;

My hat was mine. I made my foe a bow,  
And hastened, fast as lover could have moved,  
Through trailing trains, toward the dear thing  
I loved.

I tried to reach it.

"Here's the hat, I think,  
You are in search of."

Shapely, soft, and pink,  
A lovely arm, a perfect arm, held out  
My precious hat. Impelled by sudden doubt,

I raised my eyes. Pink ribbons trimmed her dress.

“Here, monsieur, take it. ’Twas not hard to guess

What made you look this way. You longed to go.

You were so sleepy, nodding—see!—just so.

Ah, how I wished to help you, if I could!

I might have passed it possibly. I would

Have tried by ladies’ chain, from hand to hand,

To send it to you, but, you understand,

I felt a little timid—don’t you see?—

For fear they might suppose—Ah! pardon me;

I am too prone to talk. I’m keeping you.

Take it. Good-night.”

Sweet angel, pure and true!

My looks to their real cause *she* could refer,

And never thought one glance was meant for her.

Oh, simple trust, pure from debasing wiles!

I took my hat from her fair hand with smiles,

And hurrying back, sought out my whilom foe,  
Exclaiming :

“ Hear me, sir. Before I go,  
Let me explain. You, sir, were in the right.  
'Twas not my hat attracted me to-night.  
Forgive me, pardon me, I entreat, dear sir.  
I love your daughter, and I gazed at her.”  
“ You, sir ? ”

He turned his big round eyes on me,  
Then held his hand out.

“ Well, well, we will see.”

Next day we talked. That's how it came  
about.

And the result you see. My secret's out.  
It was last Tuesday, as I said, and even  
Add, she's an angel, and my home is—heaven.  
Her father, mild in spite of mien severe,  
Holds a high office—is no cuirassier.  
Besides—a boon few bridegrooms can com-  
mand—

He is a widower—so—you understand.

Now all this happiness, beyond a doubt,  
By this silk hat I hold was brought about,  
Or by its brother. Poor old English tile!  
Many have sneered at thy ungainly style;  
Many, with ridicule and gibe—why not?—  
Have dubbed thee “stove-pipe,” called thee  
“chimney-pot.”

They, as æsthetes, are not far wrong, maybe;  
But I, for all that thou hast done for me,  
Raise thee, in spite of nonsense sung or said,  
With deep respect, and place thee on my head.

*From Harper's Magazine, by permission. Translation of*  
MRS. E. W. LATIMER.



## JUST A LOVE-LETTER.

NEW YORK, *July 20, 1883.*

DEAR GIRL:

The town goes on as though  
It thought you still were in it;

---

The gilded cage seems scarce to know  
That it has lost its linnet.  
The people come, the people pass ;  
The clock keeps on a-ticking ;  
And through the basement plots of grass  
Persistent weeds are pricking.

I thought 'twould never come—the Spring—  
Since you had left the city ;  
But on the snow-drifts lingering  
At last the skies took pity.  
Then Summer's yellow warmed the sun,  
Daily decreasing distance—  
I really don't know how 'twas done  
Without your kind assistance.

Aunt Van, of course, still holds the fort :  
I've paid the call of duty ;  
She gave me one small glass of port—  
'Twas '34 and fruity.  
The furniture was draped in gloom  
Of linen brown and wrinkled ;

I smelt in spots about the room  
The pungent camphor sprinkled.

I sat upon the sofa where  
You sat and dropped your thimble—  
You know—you said you didn't care;  
But I was nobly nimble.  
On hands and knees I dropped, and tried  
To—well, I tried to miss it:  
You slipped your hand down by your side—  
You knew I meant to kiss it!

Aunt Van, I fear we put to shame  
Propriety and precision;  
But, praised be Love, that kiss just came  
Beyond your line of vision.  
Dear maiden aunt! the kiss, more sweet  
Because 'tis surreptitious,  
*You* never stretched a hand to meet,  
So dimpled, dear, delicious.

I sought the Park last Saturday;  
I found the Drive deserted;

The water-trough beside the way  
Sad and superfluous spurted.  
I stood where Humboldt guards the gate,  
Bronze, bumptious, stained, and streaky—  
There sat a sparrow on his pate,  
A sparrow chirp and cheeky.

Ten months ago! Ten months ago!—  
It seems a happy second,  
Against a lifetime lone and slow,  
By Love's wild time-piece reckoned—  
You smiled, by Aunt's protecting side,  
Where thick the drags were massing,  
On one young man who didn't ride,  
But stood and watched you passing.

I haunt Purssell's—to his amaze—  
Not that I care to eat there,  
But for the dear clandestine days  
When we two had to meet there.  
Oh, blessèd is that baker's bake,  
Past cavil and past question:



I ate a bun for your sweet sake,  
And memory helped digestion.

The Norths are at their Newport ranch ;  
Van Brunt has gone to Venice ;  
Loomis invites me to the Branch,  
And lures me with lawn tennis.  
O bustling barracks by the sea !  
O spiles, canals, and islands !  
Your varied charms are naught to me—  
My heart is in the Highlands !

My paper trembles in the breeze  
That all too faintly flutters  
Among the dusty city trees,  
And through my half-closed shutters :  
A northern captive in the town,  
Its native vigor deadened,  
I hope that, as it wandered down,  
Your dear pale cheek it reddened.

I'll write no more ! A *vis-à-vis*  
In halcyon vacation

Will sure afford a much more free  
Mode of communication.  
I'm tantalized and cribbed and checked  
In making love by letter :  
I know a style more brief, direct—  
And generally better !

*By permission.*


H. C. BUNNER.



“POSSUM”—I CAN.

HER eyes are as blue as the heart of a berg ;  
If tears from their channels e'er ran,  
If they melted an instant, it was not in ruth  
For sorrows of love or of man.

I've wondered oft-times—she's so frostily fair—  
If blood in her veins really ran ;  
While sipping an ice I've asked myself where  
Ice ended and woman began.



"My heart," she once told me, "is dead as  
a stone,

Or missing in Nature's nice plan ;  
Some women, perhaps, can not live without  
hearts,"

Her eyes spoke a haughty "I can."

The stingiest sultan would lay at her feet

The wealth of a whole Ispahan.

Independent in fortune as well as in soul,

She scorns every suppliant man.

Her coach, of all turn-outs this year at the  
Springs, .

Was drawn by the handsomest span ;

Her crest on its panels, a leopard *passant*,

Her motto is "Possum"—I can.

Regarding the carriage with critical air

Up-spoke our head-waiter, black Dan :

"Some folks, maybe, can't see no difference  
between

Dat ting and a 'possum—I can.

"Why, dat ain't no 'possum; it's more like a  
cat,

Or Spot, dar, your pert black-and-tan:  
I ought to know 'possums—I'se hunted 'em  
till

Each 'possum in Georgia knows Dan.

"Curusest ob varmints dar is in dis world  
Is 'possums and women," said Dan;

"Dey's nebber so sleek, so indif'rent, and  
cool,

As when dey's deceibing some man.

"I 'members de fust one dat ever I cotched—  
It tried de same little ole plan:

I found it like dead at the foot ob a tree;  
Says I, 'No *dead* 'possums for Dan'—

"Was walking away when it opened one eye,  
Larfed back ob its paw, and den—ran!

'Can't come it,' it said, plain as eber you  
heard;

Says I, 'Missus 'Possum, I can.' "

The tale was a short one, and not too refined,  
As told by our swart Caliban :  
It fed, by the thought it aroused in my mind,  
The fire of my hopes like a fan.

Could *she* play at '*possum*, her heart all alive  
And craving the love of a man,  
Worth love and worth trust, can I credit the  
thought?  
My heart made me answer—"I can."

Her soul *is* alive, and now tell me, my heart,  
Canst rise to the fate like a man,  
Receiving thy doom or thy bliss from her  
lips?  
Again I heard, "Possum—I can."

"You can love?" The answer is easily  
guessed  
(Fit rallying-cry for a clan),  
It came with a kiss, and a ring with the crest  
A leopard: 'twas "Possum—I can!"

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

---

PAST AND PRESENT; OR, ROMANCE  
VERSUS REALITY.

*A Duet.*

HE (*shutting his Froissart with a slap*).

“OH, for the days of olden time,  
When, true to knightly duty,  
The champion roved through every clime  
To win the smile of Beauty!  
'Neath moonlit skies his midnight spent,  
In place of ball-rooms choky,  
And through triumphal arches went,  
Instead of hoops at croquet!”

SHE (*smiling maliciously*).

“Ha, ha! nice figure *you'd* have made  
'Mid Syria's heat and slaughter,  
Who growl at seventy in the shade,  
And long for seltzer-water!”

I think I hear you mutter, then,  
While through the sand-heaps wading:  
' Well, let me once get home again,  
And deuce take all crusading ! ' "

HE.

" You heartless thing ! but *you* have ne'er  
Perused, like me, their story—  
Who knew no task they would not dare,  
No pain when crowned with glory ;  
And, glowing o'er those pages dear,  
I've wished, with heart o'erladen,  
I were a Spanish cavalier  
And you my chosen maiden ! "

SHE.

" O Fred, you goose ! I ne'er could bide  
Unseen behind a grating,  
Nor bear forever at my side  
A prim duenna waiting.

---

And then this face you *say* you prize,  
Some horrid Moor might eye it,  
And whisk me off before your eyes—”

HE (*fiercely*).

“I’d like to see him try it!”

SHE.

“Then, too, in that stern age, you know,  
No opera, ball, nor fashion,  
No lovely sleighing in the snow,  
No novels filled with passion.  
In convent lone, or castle strong,  
It *must* have been diverting  
To stitch at tap’stry all day long,  
With ne’er a chance of flirting!”

HE.

“Of course, that’s the thing you require !  
But men had then a chance, dear,  
To win their spurs through gore and mire  
In Palestine or France, dear:



And when the stubborn fray was done,  
His lady crowned the winner,  
And—"

SHE.

"Pawned the spurs his strife had won,  
To buy their Sunday dinner!"

HE (*angrily*),

"Too bad, by Jove! of all I say  
You will make fun—"

SHE.

"Poor fellow!

He sees *en beau* our fathers' day,  
But ours in jaundiced yellow.  
Your knights, good sir (whose spurs of gold  
Were all the wealth they carried),  
Oft found their 'chosen maidens' cold,  
And lived (or died) unmarried!

"But never mind, dear Fred; for, though  
I sometimes like to tease you,

I'd never say a word, you know,  
That really could displease you;  
And, though papa may fume and rage,  
And vow he'll ne'er endure it,  
Just wait until I come of age,  
And then—"

HE (*ecstatically*).

"The ring and curate!"

DAVID KER.



FREE, OR CAGED.

*A Cousinly Duet.*

FLORA (*with significant emphasis*).

SEE, birdie! here's your seed and cake,  
And here's your water handy;  
Come, trim your yellow plumes and make  
Your little self a dandy!

You're wiser far than *some* I know,  
Who, home and comfort scorning,  
Through every sort of danger go,  
And won't take friendly warning.

FRANK (*defiantly*).

So be it. "Home and comfort" I  
Can leave to those who need 'em;  
Mine the wide earth, the open sky,  
The wanderer's life of freedom!  
And—

FLORA.

Better far at home to stay  
Than burn abroad or shiver;  
There's nothing there can match our bay,  
Or beat our Hudson River!

FRANK (*with profound irony*).

Forth, then, O Frank! in vent'rous bark  
Round Coney Island sailing,

---

Exploring wilds of Central Park,  
Or Brooklyn bridge-tower scaling!  
Ho, bring my boots! I burn to gain  
Famed Harlem's mountains broken,  
And flaunt in Scribner's window-pane  
My "Travels through Hoboken!"

FLORA.

You wretch! how dare you mock me so  
At every word I utter?

FRANK (*proudly*).

Well, I'm no cage-bred pet, you know,  
To chirp for cake-and-butter;  
Mine be the wild-bird's rocky lair,  
The wild-bird's flight aspiring,  
To soar through boundless realms of air  
On pinions never tiring!

FLORA (*sarcastically*).

But when the cold December blast  
Through leafless boughs came moaning,

Or stones by impish urchins cast  
Your carols turned to groaning,  
I guess you'd find your "freedom" sweet  
Too cold for admiration,  
And change for birdie's cage and meat  
Your free, unthralled starvation.

FRANK.

Bah! give to those who fear the strife,  
Retirement and a cottage;  
No Esau I to barter life  
And all it yields for pottage!  
Not all the gold of Wall Street Jews  
To one dull spot should pin me,  
With "earth before me where to choose,"  
And life aglow within me!

FLORA.

Ah me! no cloud the spirit dims  
Till youth and vigor fail us;  
But when gray hairs and feeble limbs  
And creeping years assail us,

When now no more we proudly stand  
Defying grief and dangers,  
'Tis then we miss the loving hand—  
Lone in a world of strangers!

FRANK (*smiling*).

Aha! there spoke the sex, *ma mie*!  
No song but this one only:  
“Get married and thrice happy be—  
Live single and be lonely!”  
Well, well, don't frown, my pretty sage—  
You know my tongue's a railer;  
But, if I'm destined to the cage,  
Will *you*, dear, be my jailer?

DAVID KER.



## IN THE CONSERVATORY.

“BUT we *must* return! What *will* they say?  
Yes, I know it's awful nice  
In the window here, from the others away,  
With a taste, now and then, of the ice,

And now and then of— Oh, you wretch!  
It wasn't at all required  
That you should illustrate thus with a sketch  
The speech that of course you admired.

"No matter how naughty. There! you have  
spoiled

The 'classical Grecian knot'  
In which you like my hair to be coiled,  
And I really don't know what  
Other mischief you haven't done! You're  
just

Real naughty! You squeeze like a vise!  
Why can't you men take something on  
trust,

And be more dainty and nice?

"There! I'm ready, now. What! *just one  
more?*

Oh! aren't you a darling tease?  
And love me so?—*one, two, three, four!*  
There! come now, dearest, please!

## *The Amateur Spelling-Match.* 85

---

I'm almost afraid of the parlor glare :  
When they look at my lips, they'll see  
The kisses upon them."—" *No, not there ;  
But, sweet, in your eyes maybe.*"

EARL MARBLE.



### THE AMATEUR SPELLING-MATCH.

SINCE spelling-matches everywhere  
O'er all the land abound,  
Why should not we, too, "do and dare?"  
I will the words propound,  
And you the "favored scholar" be,  
As Rogers' group suggests.  
With what a wealth of poetry  
The subject he invests !

Spell "spoons." "What! such a word!"  
you say?  
"But fit for kitchen-school?"



Or, in New Orleans, far away,  
When under Butler's rule?"  
Fie! fie! should social science come,  
Or scurvy politics,  
To mar our peace with brutal bomb?  
Away with all such tricks!

There! please go on. "S"—oh! the sound  
Through lips that sweetly smile,  
Like sibilant waters unprofound,  
That aimless hours beguile  
On pebbly beaches! "P"—more staid  
The smile now on the lips,  
As though love's sun that warmed the  
maid  
Was partly 'neath eclipse.

"Double o"—through parting lips that  
breaks,  
Like gurgling rill half held  
'Tween walling rocks and tent-like brakes,  
And wonder semi-knelled

## *The Amateur Spelling-Match. 87*

---

Through circling lips. "N"—here again  
The semi-smile that played  
Athwart your lips so sweetly when  
The "s" you first essayed.

"S"—ah! the smile is here again!  
Oh, sweet thou letter "s"!  
You 'mind me of that moment when  
A tremulous little "Yes"  
From self-same lips a day in eld  
My being thrilled with joy—  
When clouds of doubt were quick dispelled,  
And life lost all alloy.

"Quite right," I said; "but why this waste  
Of letters, since with two  
It can be spelled with greater haste,  
More truth, and less ado?  
"Oh, fie! S, p, s, double o, n, s,  
Spells 'spoons': you needn't try  
To spell the word with any less."  
"Yes, dear; two—'u' and I.'"

EARL MARBLE.

**A CHURCH-GOING BELLE.**

A DAINTY little bonnet,  
The sweetest marabout,  
A sea of tawny wavelets  
O'er forehead white as snow ;  
A brace of sparkling sapphires,  
Two cheeks of rosy dye,  
A pair of lips of ruby,  
And a fascinating sigh.  
Think'st thou she goes to worship ?  
Ah ! it is difficult to tell,  
But it's plain both saints and sinners  
Worship that Sabbath belle.

A tightly-fitting bodice,  
Costume all brocaded,  
Short petticoats with flounces,  
In endless colors braided ;  
Enameled shoes with buckles,  
Such as the Frenchmen vend,

## *I Wish he would Decide.* 89

---

With lofty, taper heel-taps,  
To give a Grecian bend.  
Think'st thou it's for God's glory  
She dresses out so well?  
Or does she want some saint or sinner  
To love the Sabbath belle?

ANONYMOUS.



## I WISH HE WOULD DECIDE.

I WISH he would decide, mamma,  
I wish he would decide ;  
I've been a bridesmaid twenty times—  
When shall I be a bride?  
My cousin Anne, my sister Fan,  
The nuptial-knot have tied ;  
Yet come what will, I'm single still—  
I wish he would decide.

He takes me to the play, mamma,  
He brings me pretty books ;  
He woos me with his eyes, mamma,  
Such speechless things he looks !  
Where'er I roam—abroad, at home—  
He lingers by my side ;  
Yet come what will, I'm single still—  
I wish he would decide.

I throw out many hints, mamma,  
I speak of other beaux,  
I talk about domestic life,  
And sing " They don't propose " ;  
But ah ! how vain each piteous strain  
His wavering heart to guide !  
Do what I will, I'm single still—  
I wish he would decide.

ANONYMOUS.



AN IDYL OF THE PERIOD.

I.

"COME right in—how are you, Fred?  
Find a chair and have a light."  
"Well, old boy, recovered yet  
From the Mathers' jam last night?"  
"Didn't dance; the german's old."  
"Didn't you? I had to lead—  
Awful bore—but where were you?"  
"Sat it out with Molly Meade;  
Jolly little girl she is—  
Said she didn't care to dance,  
'D rather have a quiet chat;  
Then she gave me such a glance!  
Gave me her bouquet to hold,  
Asked me to draw off her glove;  
Then, of course, I squeezed her hand,  
Talked about my wasted life,  
Said my sole salvation must  
Be a true and gentle wife.

Then, you know, I used my eyes ;  
She believed me, every word,  
Almost said she loved me—Jove !  
Such a voice I never heard !—  
Gave me some symbolic flower,  
Had a meaning, Oh, so sweet !  
Don't know where it is; I'm sure,  
Must have dropped it in the street.  
How I spooned ! and she—ha ! ha !  
Well, I know it wasn't right ;  
But she did believe me so,  
That I—kissed her. Pass a light."

## II.

" Mollie Meade—well, I declare !  
Who'd have thought of seeing you,  
After what occurred last night,  
Out here on the avenue ?  
Oh, you awful, awful girl !  
There, don't blush—I saw it all."  
" Saw all what ? " " Ahem ! last night—  
At the Mathers' in the hall."

“ Oh, you horrid ! where were you ?

Wasn't he an awful goose ?

Most men must be caught ; but he

Ran his neck right in the noose.

I was almost dead to dance ;

I'd have done it if I could ;

But old Gray said I must stop,

And I promised ma I would ;

So I looked up sweet and said

I had rather talk with him—

Hope he didn't see my face ;

Luckily the lights were dim.

Then, Oh, how he squeezed my hand !

And he looked up in my face

With his great, big, lovely eyes—

Really it's a dreadful case !

He was all in earnest, too ;

But I really thought I'd have to laugh—

When he kissed a flower I gave,

Looking, Oh, like such a calf !

I suppose he has it now

In a wine-glass on his shelves ;



It's a mystery to me  
Why men will deceive themselves.  
'Saw him kiss me!' Oh, you wretch!  
Well, he begged so hard for one,  
And I thought there'd no one know—  
So I let him, just for fun!  
I know it wasn't really right  
To trifle with his feelings, dear;  
But men are such conceited things,  
They need a lesson once a year."

ANONYMOUS.

A TINY TRAGEDY.

PERIOD—*Indefinite.* SCENE—*Anywhere.*

ACT I.

A SHADY nook—  
A rippling brook—  
Moonlight;  
A garden chair—  
A youthful pair—  
Delight!

ACT II.

Troth plighted oft  
In accents soft.

Oh, bliss !

Vow endless love—  
(Cease, laughing Jove!)  
And kiss.

ACT III.

A jealous thought—  
The mischief 's wrought.

Untrue?

A haughty pout—  
A cutting flout.

Adieu !

ACT IV.

A vessel starts :  
In distant parts  
He'll roam.

A hapless maid  
By anguish swayed—  
At home.

## ACT V.

Years onward fleet:  
Old lovers meet  
And show,  
As often found,  
Doubts without ground.  
Tableau!

ALF. CARNIE.



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*their fidelity to English life. The slight exaggerations which the artist permits himself never affects the value of his drawings as accurate pictures of social conditions. "Many people," remarks Mr. Henry James, in his recent essay on Du Maurier, "have gathered their knowledge of English life almost entirely from 'Punch,' and it would be difficult to imagine a more abundant and, on the whole, a more accurate informant. The accumulated volumes of this periodical contain evidence on a multitude of points of which there is no mention in the serious works—not even in the novels—of the day. The smallest details of social habit are depicted there, and the oddities of a race of people in whom oddity is strangely compatible with the dominion of convention." It is to be further remarked of social caricatures in "Punch," that they are very rarely coarse, cruel, or bitter. There are very few lapses*

*of taste ; and for the most part they are remarkable for their genial and even friendly spirit. "Punch" has satirized every class, every social foible, every form of national caprice, but it has made no enemies, and to-day there are few held in greater affection and esteem in England than two of the most persistent satirizers of its people—John Leech and George du Maurier.*

*The selections for this little volume have been made with the purpose of representing the artist in all the various forms of his work—as a humorist, as a satirist, and as a delineator of character and social life. "Leech," says Mr. James, "never made a mistake ; he did well whatever he did. He was always amusing, always full of sense and point, always intensely English."*



1



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*Pictures of  
Life and Character.*







### Pitiable Objects.

MR. DONE (*to Mr. Dreary*). "No! A don't know how it is—but I ain't the thing somehow! No embawassments or anything o' that sort. Can't make it out. S'pose its *overwork*!"



“Well, they may call this a health-giving pursuit, if they like; but  
give me roach-fishing in a punt.”



MASTER G. O'RILLA. "Deaw ! How shocking ! There's another good fellah done for !"  
COUSINS. "Why, what has happened, Gus ?"  
GUS. "Happened ! Why, Charley Bagshot *gone married !*"



### Startling Fact !

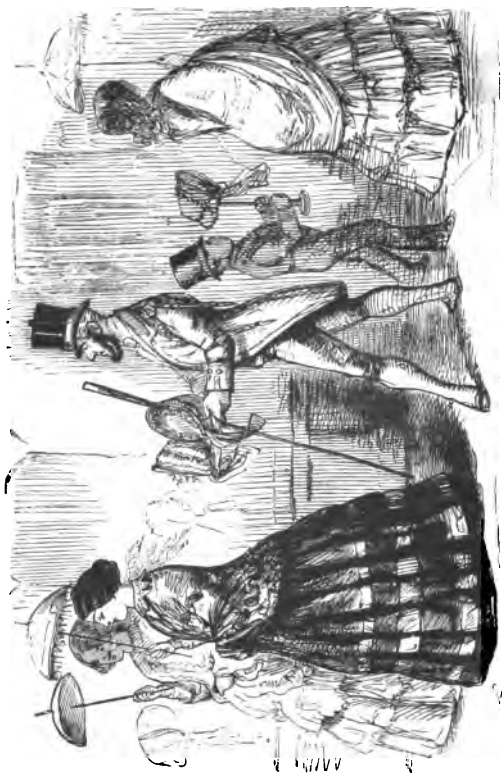
OXFORD SWELL. "Do you make many of these monkey-jackets, now?"

SNIP. "Oh dear yes, sir; there are more monkeys in Oxford this term than ever, sir."



Never carry your Gloves in your Hat.

Mr. POFFINGTON flatters himself he is creating a sensation.—(*Perhaps he is.*)



What must be the next Fashion in Bonnets.



### Badly Hit during the recent Engagement with the Guards.

MAMMA. "Yes, doctor. She will sit for hours without speaking a word. She persists in wearing the same dress, and won't part with the bouquet!"

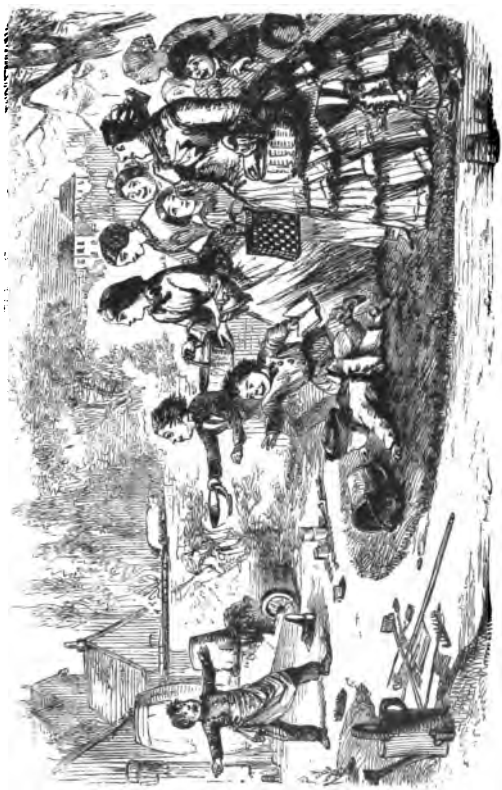
DOCTOR. "H'm—well, let's see; we must first get *the ball out of her head*, and then perhaps the nervous system may right itself!"





### What they Said to Themselves.

HONORABLE MR. FIDDLE. "I wish that conceited ass, Faddle, would go!"  
CAPTAIN FADDLE. "That stupid idiot, Fiddle, never knows when he's in the way!"  
RICH WIDOW. "I shall be uncommonly glad when both of these simpletons take their departure."

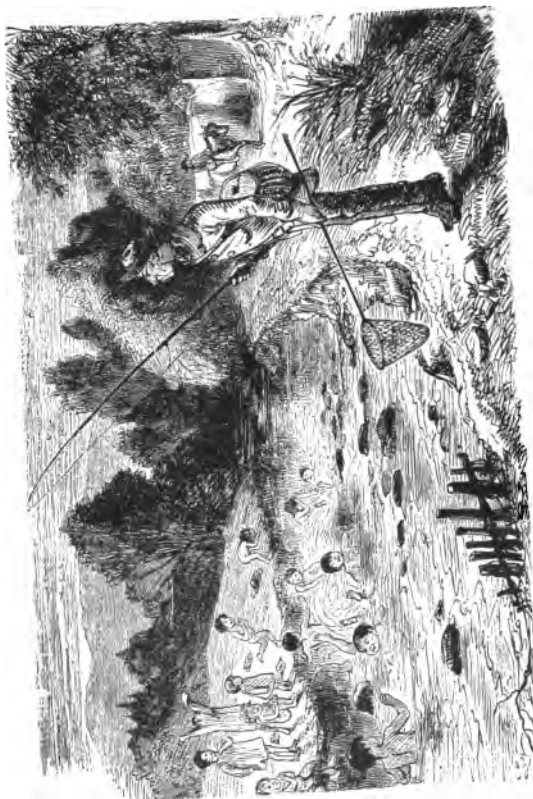


**Suburban Felicity. Gratifying Domestic (poultry) Incident.**

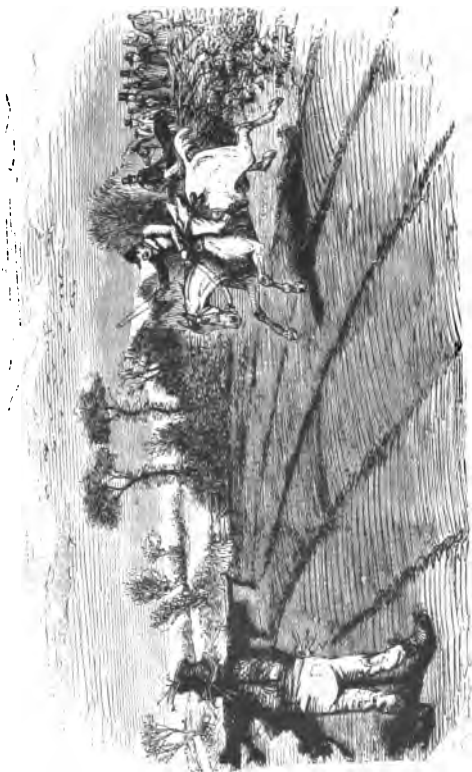
**BUTTONS.** "Oh ! Please 'm ! Be quick 'm ! Here's the Coaching China a-clucking like  
*Heav'n* think. He've been and laid a hegg !!!"



Mr. BRIGGS tries (for many hours) a likely place for a perch ; but upon this occasion the wind is not in a favorable quarter.



Fly-Fishing.—Mr. HACKLE arrives at his favorite spot, where he knows there is a good trout.



### Blind with Rage.

HUNTSMAN (*riding furiously over a fence to a Scarecrow*). " . . . You great fool ; what the deuce do you stand pointing there for ? Why don't you holler out which way the fox be gone ? Blowed if I don't cut you into bits ! "



Sporting Intelligence.—(From our own Correspondent.)  
“The country is awfully deep, but the falling is delightfully soft and safe.”



### Helping Him On.

CRUEL FAIR ONE (*to silent Partner*). "Pray! have you *no* conversation?"



### A Delicate Creature.

YOUTHFUL SWELL. "Now, Charley—you're just in time for breakfast—have a cup of coffee?"

LANGUID SWELL (*probably in a Government office*). "Thanks! No! I assure yah—my de-ar fellah! If I was to take a cup of coffee in the morning, it would keep me awake all day!"





Not a Bad Idea for Warm Weather.

FREDERICK. "Now, girls, pull away—don't be idle!"

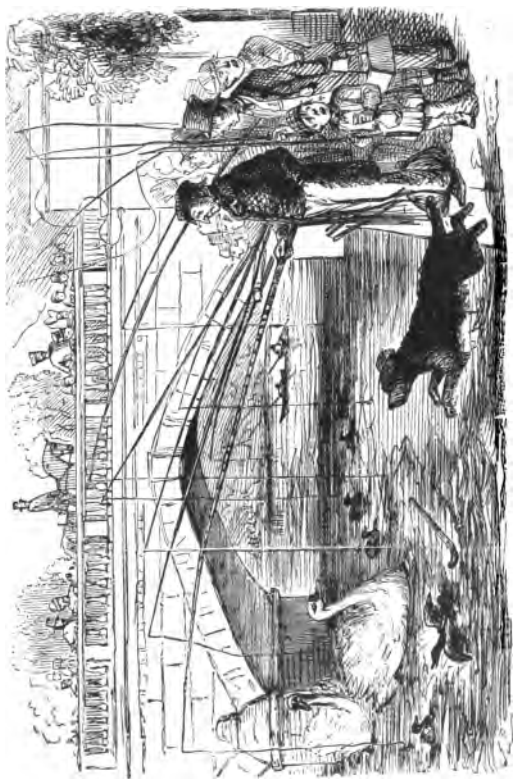


FIRST LANGUID PARTY. "Don't you find sea air very strengthening, Jack?"  
SECOND DITTO DITTO. "Ah, vewy! I could throw stones in the water all day!"



POLICE CONSTABLE (*to Boy*). "Now, then, off with that hoop! or I'll precious soon help you!"

LADY (*who imagines the observation is addressed to her*). "What a monster!"  
[*Lifts up the Crinoline and hurries off.*]



Angling in the Serpentine—Saturday, P. M.

PISCATOR No. 1. "Had ever a bite, Jim?"

PISCATOR No. 2. "Not yet. I only come here last Wednesday!"



### Not a Bad Judge.

ALIMENTIVE BOY. "My eye, Tommy, wouldn't I like to board  
*in that 'ouse, just !*"



### Sound Advice.

MASTER TOM. "Have a weed, Gran'pa?"

GRAN'PA. "A what! sir?"

MASTER TOM. "A weed—a cigar, you know."

GRAN'PA. "Certainly not, sir. I never smoked in my life."

MASTER TOM. "Ah! then I wouldn't advise you to begin."



### The Course of True, etc., Never Did, etc.

Here's poor young Wiggles anxious to meet the being he adores, but can not do so, because the newly-pitched boat upon which he has been sitting, has caught him alive O!



After Supper.—Strange Admission !

MR. S. " May I have the pleasure of waltzing with you, Miss Jones ? "

MISS J. " I would with pleasure, *but unfortunately I'm quite full !* "





### The Gentle Craft.

CONTEMPLATIVE MAN (*in puns*). "I don't so much care about the sport, it's the delicious repose I enjoy so."



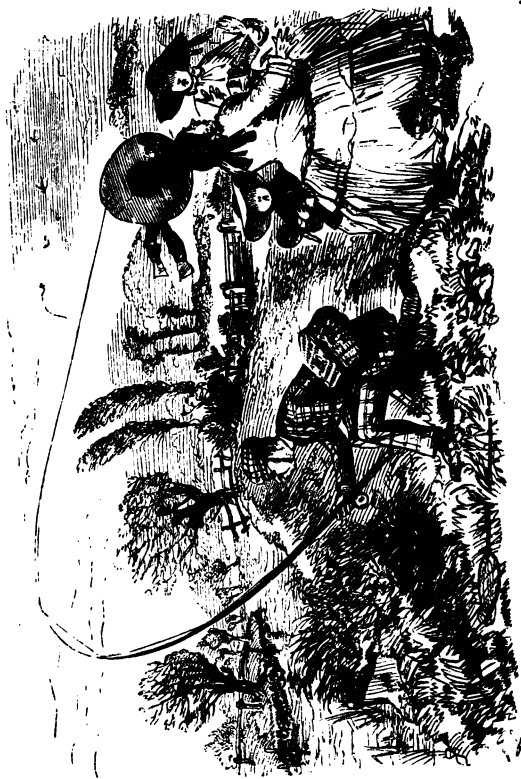
### Something in 'That !

"Now, TOM," said young JOE WAGLEY, "one of us ought to go on this side of the hedge, and one on the other ; so I'll take this, if you will get over the stile."

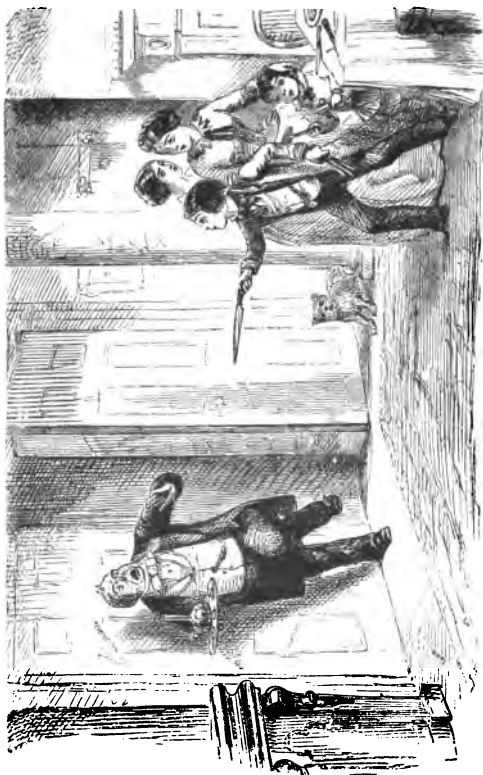
"Oh, yes," replied TOM ; "but how about the bull ?"



Mr. B. goes out. His chief difficulty is that every time he throws his line, the hooks (of which there are five) will stick behind in his jacket and tr-us-ers.



Fly-Fishing. A Nice Ripple on the Water.—“Now for a big one!”



Enter Mr. Bottles, the Butler.

MASTER FRED. "There ! that's capital ! stand still, BOTTLES, and I'll show you how the Chinese do the knife-trick at the play."

[BOTTLES is much interested.]



### A Fine Disposition.

AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND. "Come, Polly, if I *am* a little irritable, it's over in a minute!!"



Scene—A Man's Rooms in the Temple.

*(Steady man smokes a short pipe, and jaws at the young swell lounging in easy-chair.)*

STEADY MAN. "A man must *work* nowadays, or he gets left behind. The only position worth having is what you make for yourself," etc., etc.

YOUTHFUL SWELL. "Oh, yes, I quite agree with you about work. I don't mind work, you know, in a genewal way—but I object to what I call 'work of superwewogation!'"

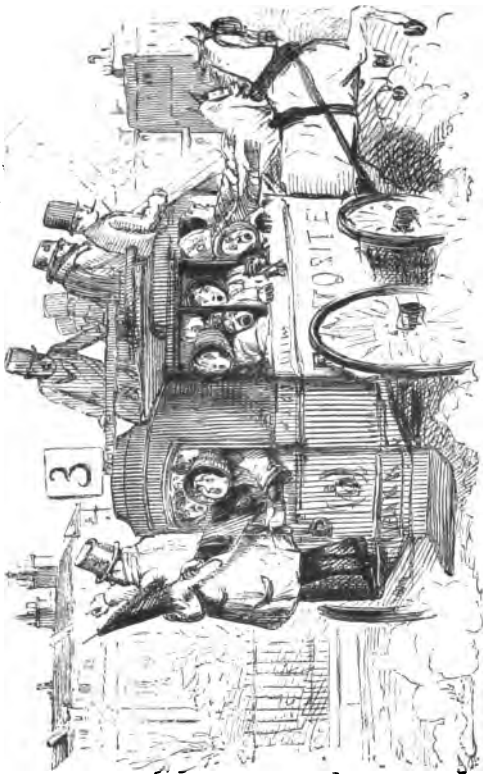
STEADY MAN. "And pray what do you understand by that?"

YOUTHFUL SWELL. "Why—I mean I don't care to do anything *I can get done for me!*"



The Battle of the Pianos.





### Alarming Occurrence.

CHORUS OF UNPROTECTED FEMALES. "Conductor! stop! Conductor! Omnibus-man! Here's a gentleman had an accident and broke a jar of leeches, and they're all over the omnibus!"



### A Tit-Bit.

OMNIBUS-DRIVER (*in the distance*). "Holloa, JOE, now you've got your duck, I'll send you the peas!"



### A False Position.

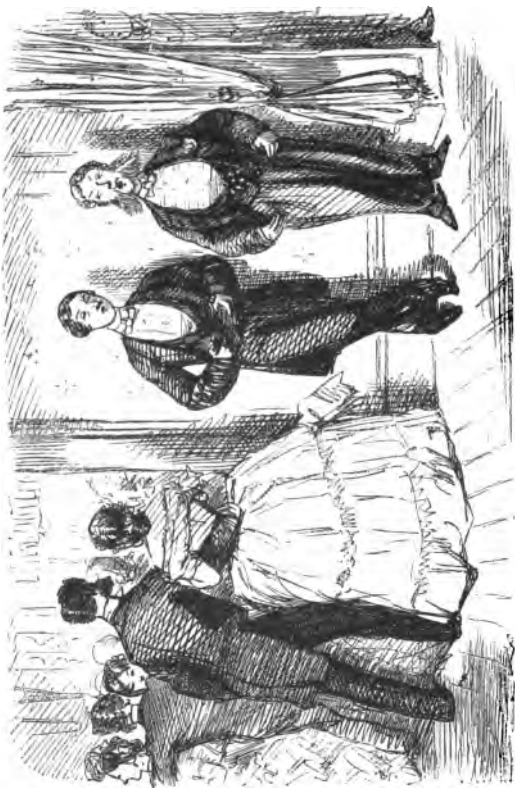
**INDIVIDUAL** (*who is not over-strong in his head, or firm on his legs*). "D-d-d-id waltzing—ever—make—you—giddy? Because, I—shall—be—happy—to—sit—down—whenever—you're—tired!"

**GIRL** (*who is in high dancing condition*). "Oh, dear, no—I could waltz all night!"



### Bloomerism !

**STRONG-MINDED FEMALE.** "Now, do, pray, Alfred, put down that foolish novel, and do something rational. Go and play something on the piano; you never practice, now you're married."



FIRST ELEGANT CREATURE. "A—don't you dance, CHARLES?"

SECOND DITTO DITTO. "A—no—not at pwsent! I always let the girls look, and long for me first!"



### Private Theatricals.

Dismay of Mr. JAMES JESSAMY on being told that he will spoil the whole thing if he doesn't shave off his whiskers.



FIRST ELEGANT CREATURE. "A—don't you dance, CHARLES?"

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### Poor Cousin Charles.

JUVENILE. "Why do they call those things Cousin CHARLES smokes cigarettes; eh, Polly?" POLLY. "Well, dear; because they are little cigars, I suppose!"

JUVENILE. "Oh, then, would Cousin CHARLES be called a Captainette, because he's a little Captain?"



Mr. PEEWIT has a little addition  
to his family—he is obliged to  
get his meals anyhow—and—



Abdicates in favor of the *real*  
master of the house.



### A Cautious Bird.

LOOKINS. "Well, I don't know about marryin'—for yer see, after the knot was tied, some other gal might be fallin' in love with one—and that would be so doooed awkward!"



**STREET BOY (in playful allusion to basket-carriage).** "Oh, look here, BILL ! If 'ere  
ain't a swell driving hisself home from the wash !"



ARTHUR. "Mamma! isn't Mr. BLANQUE a wicked man?"

MAMMA. "Wicked, my dear! No! What makes you ask such a question?"

ARTHUR. "Why, because, mamma dear, when he comes into church, he doesn't *smell his hat* as other people do!"



### Snow-Flakes.

STREET BOY (*to his natural enemy, the Policeman*). "Snow-balls, sir! No, sir! I haven't seen no one throw no snowballs, sir!"

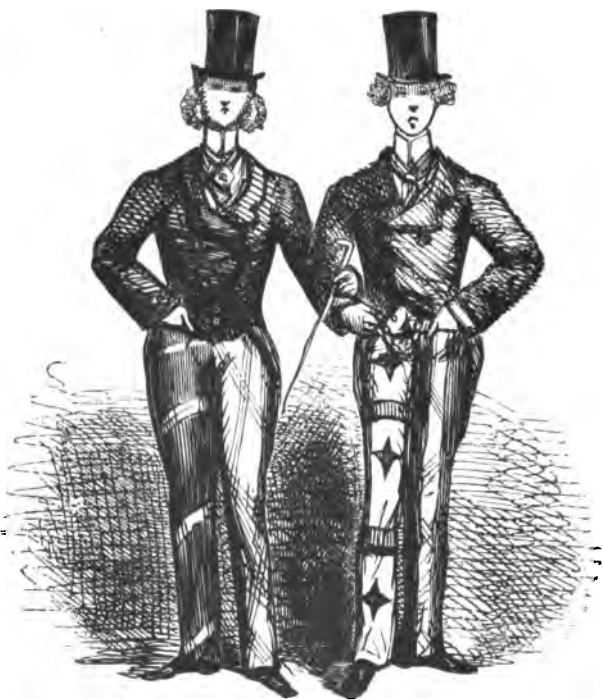


DISCIPLE OF OLD ISAAC. "This wouldn't be a bad place if the fish would only bite, and if it wasn't for this confounded wasps' nest."



Well over, anyhow !





Elegant material for trousers ;—only takes two men  
to show the pattern.



### The Marriage Question.

BROWN. "So, you're going to marry old Mrs. YELLOWBOYCE. Well, I think you're a dooced lucky fellah!"

JONES. "By Jove, I don't think the luck is all on my side! If she finds money, hang it, I find blood and—haw—beauty!"

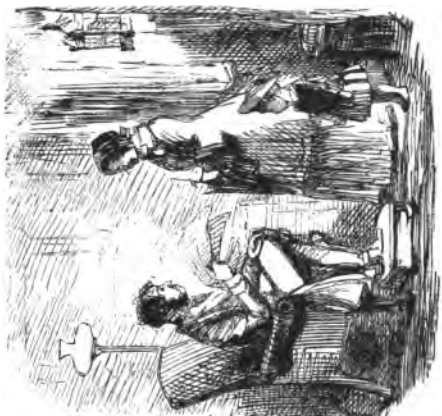


Recollection of a jolly old paterfamilias we saw the other day, with some air-balloons for the chicks.



### Consols at 80.

HUSBAND. "Well! I declare I'm quite glad it's a wet day. It will be an excuse to stop at home with my darling little pipsey popsy. What do you say, Dickey! eh? pretty Dick! Pretty Dick!"



### Consols at 80.

HUSBAND. "Go out for a walk! Nonsense! I've something else to do. I think, too, you might pull down that blind, unless you want the sun to spoil all the furniture; and, dear, dear, do for goodness' sake, JEMIMA, take that d—— canary out of the room!"



JONES (*who is naturally proud of his first-born*). "A little darling, ain't he?"

BACHELOR FRIEND. "H'm, ha! I see—*young gorilla*! Is he real or stuffed?"



### A Bon-bon from a Juvenile Party.

FIRST JUVENILE. "That's a pretty girl talking to young ALGERNON BINKS!"

SECOND JUVENILE. "H'm — tol-lol! You should have seen her some seasons ago."



BOWKER, who is fond of nice things for breakfast, and sometimes markets for himself, becomes an object of interest from having laid in a few bloaters, and half a pound of fresh Cambridge sausages, from Bond Street — and which sausages and bloaters are in his coat-pocket.



Flunkeiana.—Enter THOMAS, who gives warning.

GENTLEMAN. "Oh, certainly! you can go, of course; but, as you have been with me for nine years, I should like to know the reason."

THOMAS. "Why, sir, it's my *feelins*. You used always to read prayers, sir, yourself—and since Miss WILKINS has been here, she's bin a-reading of 'em. Now, I can't *do* mean myself by saying 'amen' to a guv'nness."





### N. B.

These young gentlemen are not indulging in the filthy habit of smoking.—They are only chewing toothpicks, the comforting and elegant practice now so much in vogue.

*[Vide Public Streets, particularly St. James's Street, Regent Street, Bond Street, and Her Majesty's Park of Hyde.]*



### Dreadful for Young Oxford.

LADY. "Are you at Eton?"

YOUNG OXFORD. "Aw, no!—I'm at Oxford!"

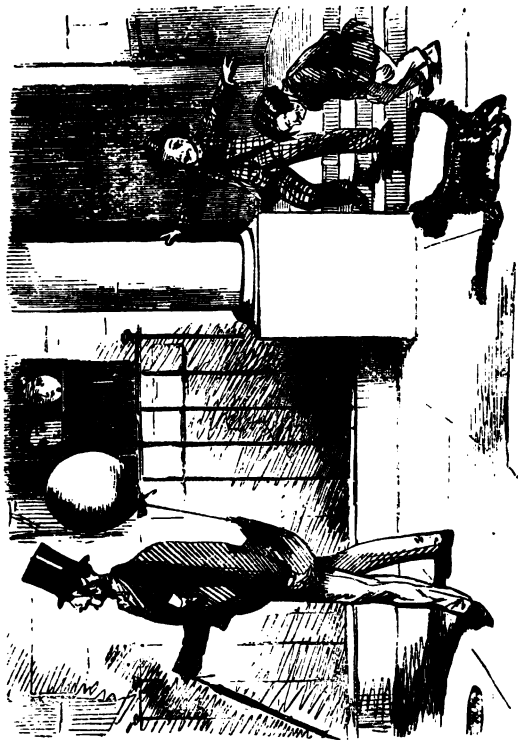
LADY. "Oxford! Rather a nice place, is it not?"

YOUNG OXFORD. "Hum!—haw! Pretty well, but then I can't get on without female society!"

LADY. "Dear! dear! Pity you don't go to a girls' school, then!"



Master JACKY, having seen a "professor" of posturing, has a private performance of his own in the nursery.



Fearful practical joke, played with a child's balloon upon a swell.



### Going to Cover.

VOICE IN THE DISTANCE. "Now, then, Smith—come along!"

SMITH. "Oh, it's all very well to say, come along! when he won't move a step; and I'm afraid he's going to lie down."

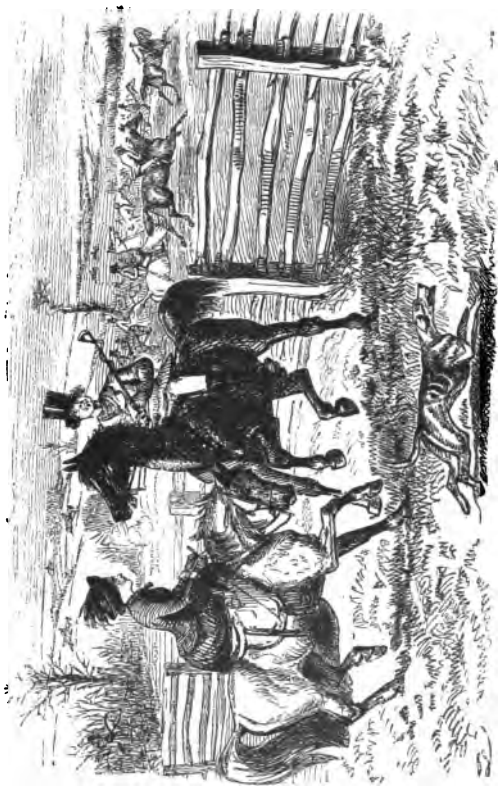


### The Shuttlecock Nuisance.

LITTLE GIRL. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir!—It was the wind as done it!"



MAN ON THE GRAY (who comes *Express* pace over the *Stile*, and *cannons* against two *quiet riders*). "Beg pardon, gentlemen, but my horse has got no mouth!"



### Rather awkward for TOMKINS.

YOUNG DIANA. "I think, sir, if you would be so good as to go first, and break the top rail, my pony would get over."





Hunting Memorandum—Appearance of things in general to a gentleman who has just turned a complete somersault !!

\* etc., etc., represent sparks of divers beautiful colors.



Fly-Fishing.

PISCATOR. "Now, then! I think I shall get a *rise* here!"



Did you Ever ?

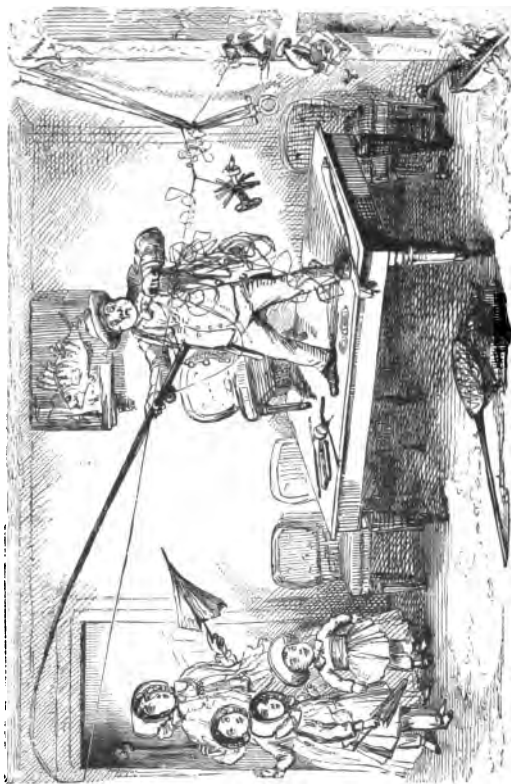
OLD GENTLEMAN (*politely*). "Oh, Conductor ! I shall feel greatly obliged to you if you would proceed, for I have an appointment in the Strand, and I am afraid I shall be too late."

CONDUCTOR (*slamming the door*). "Go on, Jim ! Here's an old cove a cussin' and a swearin' like anythink !!!"

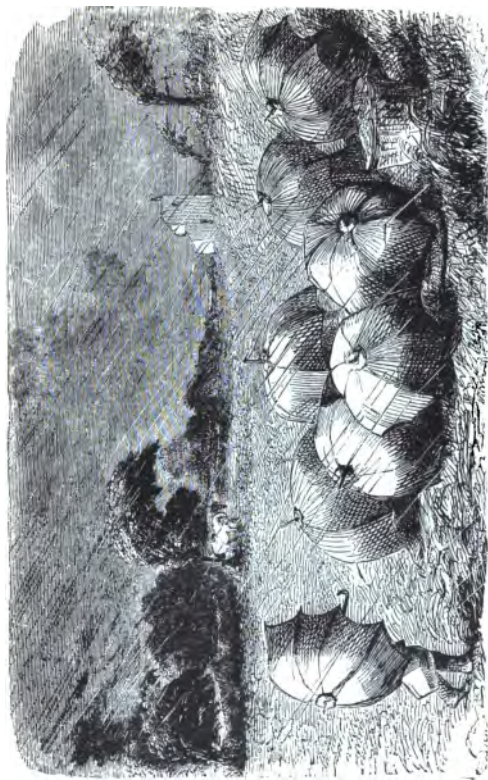


### The Test of Gallantry.

CONDUCTOR. "Will any gent be so good as for to take this young lady in his lap?"



Our friend Briggs contemplates a day's fishing.



### The Picnic.

CONTENTED MAN (*log.*). "What a nice, damp place we have secured; and how very fortunate we are in the weather; it would have been so provoking for us all to have brought our umbrellas and then to have had a fine day!! Glass of wine, BRIGGS, eh?"



Friendly, but very Unpleasant.

LIVELY PARTY (*charging elderly gentleman with his umbrella*).  
"Hullo, JONES!" [*Disgust of elderly party, whose name is SMITH.*]



### A Great Mental Effort.

**FIRST COCK SPARROW.** "What a miwackulous tie, FWANK !  
How the doose do you manage it ?"

**SECOND COCK SPARROW.** "Yas. I fancy it is rather grand ;  
but then, you see, I give the whole of my mind to it."





### Discernment.

**CLEVER CHILD.** "Oh! do look here, mamma dear, such a funny thing! Mr. BOKER's got another forehead at the back of his head."

[BOKER is *delighted*.



### Life in London.

ISABELLA. "Well, Aunt, and how did you like London? I suppose you were very gay?"

AUNT (*who inclines to embonpoint*). "Oh, yes, love, gay enough! We went to the top o' the monument o' Monday—and to the top o' St. Paul's o' Tuesday—and to the top o' the Dook o' York's column o' Wednesday—but I think altogether I like the quiet o' the country."



The Husband as he ought to be, and

ANGELINA. "Well, love, how do you think I look? — Do you like the dress?"

EDWIN. "I think it's perfectly charming! — I never saw you look better!"



As he ought not to be.

ANGELINA. "Well, E., — you don't say a word about my dress?"

EDWIN. "Eh, what? oh, ugh! — h'm — Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!"



### A Table d'Hôte at Paris.

ATTENTIVE SWELL (to elegant and fascinating American young Lady, who has been monopolising the adjacent Gentlemen all through Dinner). "Let me give you some of this" (*handing Article of Dessert*).

BELLE AMERICAINE. "No, thanks! — Well, then, a very little; for I guess I'm pretty crowded now!" [*Horror of Swells; triumph of neighboring Female British Contingent.*]



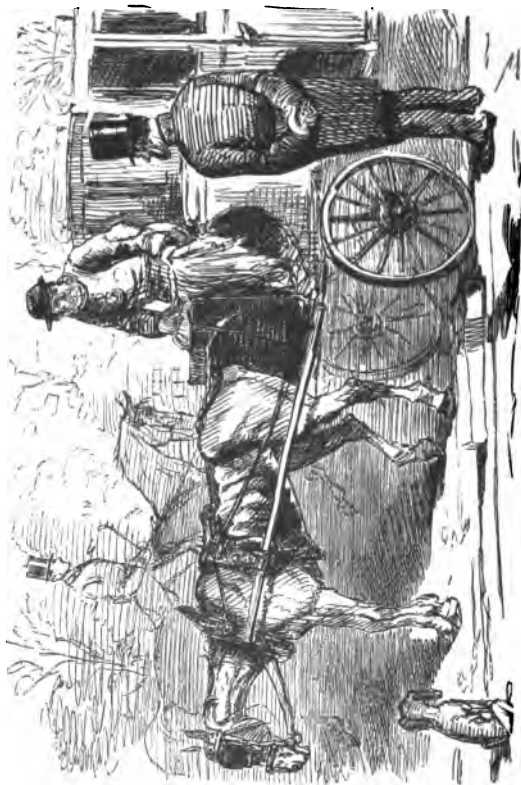
Another Pretty Little Americanism.

ENGLISHMAN (to *Fair New-Yorker*). "May I have the pleasure of dancing with you?"  
DARLING. "I guess you may—for I calc'late that, if I sit much longer here, I shall  
be taking root!"



**Yet another Americanism.**

**“Here, MARIA, hold my cloak while I have a fling with the stranger.”**



SARCASTIC PEELER. "Going to 'ave a new 'orse, then, Cabby?"  
CABBY. "New 'oss! 'ow d'ye mean?"  
SARCASTIC PEELER. "Why, you've got the framework together already!"



### No Consequence.

"I say, JACK ! who's that come to grief in the ditch ?"

"Only the parson !"

"Oh, leave him there, then ! He won't be wanted until next Sunday !"





## The Garret and the Conservatory.

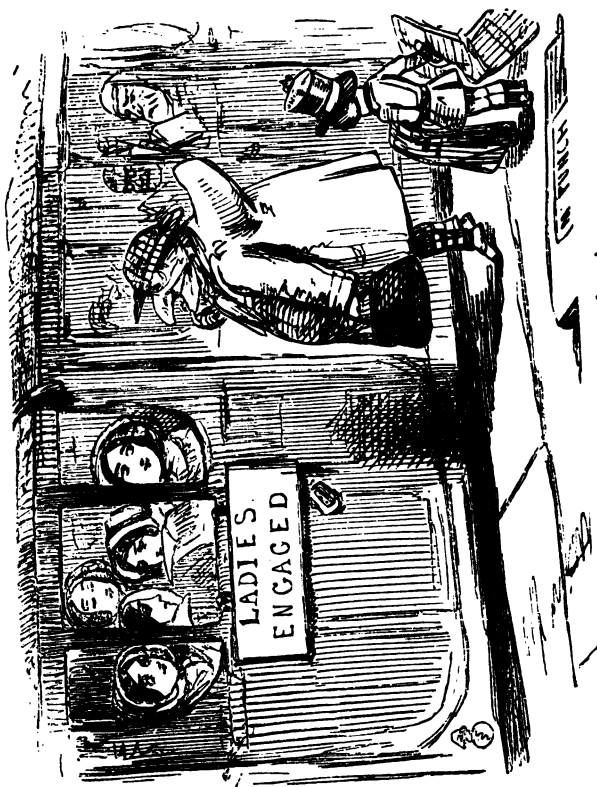
GENTEEL PLURALIST. "What the people can want with a Crystal Palace on Sundays, I can't think ! Surely they ought to be contented with their church and their home afterward."



### Something like a Holiday.

PASTRYCOOK. "What have you had, sir?"

BOY. "I've had two jellies, seven of them, and eleven of them, and six of those, and four Bath buns, a sausage roll, ten almond cakes—and a bottle of ginger beer!"



Aggravating — Rather !

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# Discriminate.

A COMPANION TO

“Don’t.”

*A Manual for Guidance in the Use  
of Correct Words and Phrases  
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No. VII.

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BY CRITIC.<sup>[pseud.]</sup>  
Fallows, Samuel  
= 

NEW YORK:

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1886.

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# DISCRIMINATE.



DISCRIMINATE in the use of A and AN. *A* should be used before words beginning with an aspirated *h*, when the accent falls on the second syllable, and not *an*. Say "*a* historical novel," "*a* heroic act." The plea for this usage among us, although it may not always be euphonious, is based on the fact that in America the *h* is properly aspirated, while in England, where the *h* is often suppressed, *an* is generally employed. The article should be repeated in such sentences



as, "The knife had *an* elegant handle and rough-looking blade"; *a* rough-looking blade; "it had *a* rough-looking handle and elegant blade"; *an* elegant blade; "it was *a* rough and inelegant remark"; *an* inelegant remark.

Discriminate between ABILITY and CAPACITY.

*Capacity* is the power of receiving and retaining knowledge with ease. *Ability* is the power of applying knowledge to practical purposes. *Capacity* implies power to *conceive*, *ability* the power to execute designs. *Capacity* is shown in quickness of apprehension; *ability* in something actually done.

Discriminate in the use of ABORTIVE. Don't say, "A man *abortively* tried to steal some books"; use *unsuccessfully*, or *in vain*. *Abor-*

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*tive* is used in respect to failure of plans, not of acts. "The scheme was *abortive*."

Discriminate between ABOVE and FOREGOING.

Don't say, "The *above* statement"; say, "The foregoing statement."

Discriminate between ABOVE and MORE THAN.

Don't say, "*Above* a mile distant"; say, "*more than* a mile distant."

Discriminate between ABOVE and BEYOND.

Don't say, "*Above* his strength"; say, "*Beyond* his strength."

Discriminate between ACCORD and GIVEN.

Don't say, "The information was *accorded* him"; say, "The information was *given* him."

Discriminate between ADAPT and DRAMATIZE.

To *adapt* a play is to modify its form or

construction; to alter it, so as to meet the public taste or demand. To *dramatize* a production is to change a story from the narrative to the dramatic form. It is to make a story into a *drama*. The first-mentioned kind of work is called an *adaptation*; the second, a *dramatization*.

Discriminate between ADMINISTER and DEALT.

Don't say, "Blows were *administered* by the pugilist"; say, "*were dealt*."

Discriminate between ADOPT and TAKE.

Don't say, "What course will you *adopt*?" say, "What course will you *take*?"

Discriminate between ADOPT and DECIDE

UPON. Don't say, "The measures *adopted* by Congress did not give satisfaction"; say, "The measures *decided upon*." *Adopt* is

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properly used in such cases as the following: "The resolution (or report or plan or measure) proposed or recommended by Mr. Brown was *adopted* by the committee." "The report of the committee was *adopted* by the House." That is, what was Mr. Brown's resolution, etc., was *adopted* by the committee, and what was the committee's was *adopted* (made its own) by the House.

Discriminate between AGGRAVATE and IRRITATE, PROVOKE, or ANGER. Don't say, "It *aggravates* me to be thus talked about"; say, "It *provokes* me." Don't say, "How easily he is *aggravated*"! say, "*irritated*." Circumstances *aggravate*; the word meaning to heighten, to make worse.

Discriminate between ALL OVER and OVER

ALL. Instead of saying, "The rumor flew *all over* the country," say, "*over all* the country."

Discriminate between ALLOW and ASSERT, or to be of the OPINION OF. Instead of saying, "He *allows* it to be the best speech delivered," say, "*asserts*," or, "He is of the *opinion* it is the best."

Discriminate between ALLUDE and SPEAK OF, MENTION, or NAME. To *allude* to a matter is to refer to it in a delicate manner, or indirectly. Instead of saying, "He *alluded* to the address in a sarcastic manner," say, "*spoke of*," or "*referred*." Instead of saying, "He *alluded* to the honorable gentleman," say, "*mentioned*," or "*named*" him.

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Discriminate between ALONE and ONLY.

*Alone* relates to that which is unaccompanied; as, "Wealth *alone*" (that is, unaccompanied with something else) "can not make a man happy. *Only* implies there is no other; as, "Man *only* of the animal creation can adore," not "*alone*."

Discriminate between AMATEUR and NOVICE.

An *amateur* is one who is well skilled in an art, a science, or pursuit, but does not pursue it professionally. A *novice* is one who is inexperienced or new in any business, profession, pursuit, or art; a tyro, a neophyte, a beginner. A professional singer who is unskilled in the art of singing would be a *novice*, and not an *amateur*. An *amateur* singer may be one of great power and excellence.

Discriminate in the use of AND and TO. Instead of saying "Go *and* see them before you leave"; "Try *and* help him obtain a place"; "Come *and* meet our friends at my house," say, "Go *to*," "Try *to*," "Come *to*."

Discriminate between AMELIORATE and IMPROVE. Don't say, "His health was *ameliorated*"; say, "*improved*."

Discriminate between AND and OR. Instead of saying "It is plain that a nation like the English *and* French must be an armed nation," say, "Like the English *or* French." There is no English *and* French nation.

Discriminate between ANSWER and REPLY. An *answer* is given to a question; a *reply* is made to a statement or an assertion. We *answer* inquiries, we *reply* to charges or

accusations. "Are you there?" He *answered*, "Yes." "I charge you with ingratitude." He *replied*, "Your charge is false."

Discriminate in the use of the word ANTECEDENTS. If you wish to know of the past of a man's life, or his previous course of conduct, don't say, "What are his *antecedents*?" but simply ask what his *past history* has been. The *antecedents* of an officer are those who have preceded him in the office. The *antecedents* of President Arthur are the Presidents from Washington down.

Discriminate between ANTICIPATE and EXPECT. Instead of saying, "The arrival of the vessel was hourly *anticipated*," say, "*ex-*



*pected.*" To *anticipate* means, to take beforehand; to get ahead of; to get the start of; to foretaste.

Discriminate between ANY and AT ALL. We may say, "He is not *any* worse." We could not say, "He did not hear *any*." It should be, "*at all*."

Discriminate between APPRECIATE and VALUE or PRIZE. Instead of saying, "I *appreciate* highly his services," say, "*value*" or "*prize*." *Appreciate* means, to put a true value on persons or things—their merit, worth, ability, and the like; to estimate justly.

Discriminate between APPRECIATE and RISE or INCREASE IN VALUE. It is improper to say, "The land greatly *appreciated* in value." Use *increase* or *rose*.

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Discriminate between APPREHEND and COMPREHEND. To *apprehend* is to take an idea into the mind, to have a partial conception of its meaning. To *comprehend* means to understand fully.

Discriminate in the use of ANYBODY ELSE, SOMEBODY ELSE, NOBODY ELSE. Although it may be strictly grammatical to call each of these phrases a compound noun, and put *else* in the possessive case, and say, "*Somebody else's book*," yet it is more euphonious to consider *else* as an adjective, and add the apostrophe and *s* to the word which *else* qualifies, and say, "*Somebody's else book*," and in like manner, *nobody's else*, *anybody's else*.

Discriminate between APT and LIKELY or LIABLE. Don't say, "Where shall I be *apt* to

see him?" "What is he *apt* to be about?" "If you will leave a message it will be *apt* to reach me." "If you meet him you will be *apt* to have difficulty." Use *likely* or *liable*.

Discriminate in the use of the word ARTIST. Keep *artist* to designate the higher order of workmen; as, painters, sculptors, musicians, architects, and the like. Don't use it to designate barbers, laundrymen, tailors, etc.

Discriminate between AS and THAT. Don't say, "Not *as* I know of"; say, "Not *that* I know of."

Discriminate between AS and SO. Don't say, "This is not *as* good *as* that"; say, "This is not *so* good." "It was good *so* far *as* it went"; say, "*as* far *as*."

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Discriminate between AT and BY. Don't say, "The goods were sold *at* auction"; say, "*by* auction." "Niagara is still more wonderful seen *at* night"; say, "*by* night."

Discriminate between AT LENGTH and AT LAST. Don't say, "*At length* deliverance came"; "*At length* the sound of the train was heard"; say, "*at last*." To hear *at length* means to hear in detail, or fully.

Discriminate in the use of such words as AUTHOR and AUTHORESS, POET and POETESS, and the like. An *author* is a *person*, of either sex, who writes books. A *poet* is a person, man or woman, who writes poetry. *Authoress* and *poetess* are therefore superfluous.

Discriminate in the use of BAD. Don't say, "I have a *bad* cold"; say, "a *severe* cold."

As colds are never *good*, we should not say they are *bad*. We can have *slight* colds, or *severe* colds, but not *bad* colds.

Discriminate between BAD and BADLY. Don't make the mistake, so frequently made, of saying, "I feel very *badly*." Use "*bad*." *Badly* is an adverb, and should not be employed. One might as well say, "I feel *happily*," instead of "*happy*."

Discriminate between BADLY and GREATLY. Don't say, "I wish to see my friend very *badly*." Use "*greatly*." The words strictly imply that you wish to see your friend in a bad state of health.

Discriminate between BALANCE and REMAINDER or REST. Don't say, "The *balance* of the library remained unsold"; "He spent

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the *balance* of the evening at home"; "The *balance* of the money he left in their keeping"; "We will now have the *balance* of the toasts." Use *rest* or *remainder*. *Balance* denotes the excess of one thing over another.

Discriminate between BEG and BEG LEAVE.

Don't say, "We *beg* to acknowledge your kindness"; say, "*Beg leave*." The first is as improper as to say, "We *beg* to inform you of his arrival," instead of *beg leave*.

Discriminate in the use of BETWEEN and AMONG. *Between* is used when two things, parties, or persons are mentioned; *among*, in reference to more than two. "There was a perfect understanding *between* the two sisters"; "There was great difficulty *among* the soldiers in electing a captain."

Discriminate between BOUNTIFUL and PLENTIFUL. Don't say, "A *bountiful* breakfast, a *bountiful* repast," and the like. Use the term *plentiful*. *Bountiful* applies to persons, not to things. Thus, a *bountiful* giver, a *bountiful* benefactor.

Discriminate between BOUND and DETERMINE. "He is *bound* to have it," should be, "He is *determined* to have it."

Discriminate between BRAVERY and COURAGE. *Bravery* is *inborn, instinctive, and constitutional*. *Courage* is of the *reason, or of determination and calculation*. There is no more merit in being *brave* than in being *beautiful*. *Courage*, whether physical, mental, or moral, is truly commendable. "The act of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton in seizing

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and holding a mad dog, until the village blacksmith riveted a chain around the brute's neck, was an act of *courage*."

Discriminate between BRING, FETCH, and CARRY. *Bring* means simply to convey to, or toward; *fetch* means to go and bring—a compound act; *carry* often implies motion from, and is generally followed by *away* or *off*. "*Bring* me the book"; "*Fetch*, or *go bring* the book from the library"; "*Carry* this parcel to the house," would be correct expressions.

Discriminate in the use of BUT. "They do not doubt *but that* he will succeed"; omit *but*.

Discriminate in the use of the word CALIBER (or CALIBRE). Don't say, "This author's



later works were of a higher *caliber* than his former productions." *Caliber* metaphorically refers to the capacity or compass of mind, and not to the efforts of the mind. Thus, men of great or small *caliber*, not books of.

Discriminate in the use of CAPTION and HEADING. It is a perversion of the word *caption* to use it in the sense of *heading*, although this is frequently done in the United States. *Caption* means *seizure* or act of *taking*, and not *headship*. Don't say, "The *caption* of a chapter, section, or page"; use *heading*.

Discriminate between CATCH, REACH, GET TO, OVERTAKE. A man may be running very fast to *overtake* the cars; when he has *caught* up to them, he does not *catch* them, as a man endeavors to *reach* or *get to* a

horse in the pasture, in order to *catch* him. He may *catch* a person in the cars, or he may *catch* some contagious disease in the cars, but he does not *catch* the cars.

Discriminate in the use of CASUALTY. Don't say, "Losses came through the *casualty*." There is no such word as *casualty* in the language. Use *casualty*.

Discriminate between CHARACTER and REPUTATION. These words are generally used as synonyms. Webster so employs them. They ought, however, to be carefully discriminated. *Character* denotes the traits which are peculiar to any person or thing. *Reputation* is really the result of *character*. *Character* is what one essentially *is*. *Reputation* is the estimation in which one is held.

A man may have a good *character* and a bad *reputation*, or a bad *character* and a good *reputation*. One leaves behind him a *reputation*, and not a *character*.

**Discriminate in the use of CHEAP.** This term has two senses. It means bearing a low price, and that an article may be obtained, or has been sold, at a bargain. Therefore say *low-priced*, when referring to the latter meaning.

**Discriminate between CHASTITY and CONTINENCE.** *Chastity* is a virtue which all ought to possess. *Continence* may, in certain circumstances, be a duty. It is never a virtue, having no moral quality whatever. A matron may be as *chaste* as the virgin, who is

“As chaste as the unsunned snow.”

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We should say, a vow of *continence*, and not a vow of *chastity*.

Discriminate in the use of the word CITIZEN.

Don't follow the example of some of the newspapers, and say, "Several *citizens* were lost in the catastrophe." Use *persons*.

Discriminate in the use of the COMPARATIVE and the SUPERLATIVE DEGREE. When only

*two* objects are compared, the *comparative degree*, and not the *superlative*, should be employed. Thus, "John is the *older* of the two"; "Lucy is the *wiser* of the two"; "Jones is the *richer* of the two." "Which is the *more* preferable, wisdom or riches?"

When *more* than *two* are compared, the *superlative* should be employed. Thus, "Smith is the *wealthiest* man in the town." "Which

is the *most* desirable profession, medicine, law, or engineering?"

Discriminate in the use of COMPLETED and FINISHED. That is *complete* which is lacking in no particular; that is *finished* which has had all done to it that was intended. A poem may be *finished*, but not *completed*.

Discriminate in the use of the word CONSIDER. The synonyms of this term are put down in the dictionaries as *think, suppose, regard, view*. *Consider* properly refers to a question which has been brought before the mind for attention, more or less serious. A man of *consideration* is one who carefully deliberates, or sits in judgment upon a subject. Don't say, therefore, "I *consider* him a philosopher." Use *think, deem, or regard*.

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Discriminate in the use of the word CONSUMMATE. It is improper in more than one particular to say, "The marriage was *consummated* in the church last Monday." The marriage ceremony was *performed* at the time and place. The *consummation* of a marriage is necessary to its completeness. But as Richard Grant White says, "*Consummation* is not usually talked about openly in general society."

Discriminate between CONVENE and CONVOKE. An assembly of any kind may *convene*—i. e., come together without any authority. A body is *convoked* by an act of authority. Hence, the President *convokes*, not *convenes*, Congress.

Discriminate in the use of the word COUPLE.

Don't say, "A *couple* of boys fell down while skating"; "A *couple* of prizes were offered." Use the word *two*. Only those are *coupled* who are bound together by some special tie or intimate relationship, as husband and wife.

Discriminate between CUSTOM and HABIT.

*Custom* refers to the *usages* of society, or to things which are done by great numbers of men. *Habit* relates to things done by the individual. *Custom* is therefore an external act, *habit* an internal principle. We may say *customs* are national, *habits* individual. *Habits* may easily spring from *customs*.

Discriminate in the use of CURIOUS. Don't use *curious* in the sense of *strange* or *remarkable*. Hence, don't say, "A *curious* action";

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“ A *curious* incident ” ; use *strange* or *remarkable*.

Discriminate in the use of DECEIVING. Don't say, “ You are *deceiving* me,” when you only mean that some one is *trying* to *deceive* you. We are *deceived* when we do not *suspect deception*.

Discriminate in the use of DECIMATE. To *decimate* means to *tithe* or *take a tenth part*. Hence, it is improper to speak of an army being *decimated* when it has greatly suffered at the hands of the enemy. It would be just as proper to say it was *halved*, or *quartered*, or *tithed*.

Discriminate in the use of DEFALCATION. Don't use it in the sense of *default*, or *defaulting*. To *defalcate* means to lop off.



Congress might *defalcate* certain duties on goods, but the *defalcation* would not be a *default*. A *defaulter* is one who fails in his duty, especially in relation to financial affairs.

Discriminate in the use of DEPOT. The best critics contend that we should not call a *railway-station* a *depot*. A *depot* is a place where goods or stores of any kind are kept.

Discriminate in the use of DIRT. *Dirt* means a foul or filthy substance. There is no such thing as *clean dirt*. Don't say, "He rode on a *dirt* road"; use the word *earth*, *gravel*, or *unpaved*.

Discriminate in the use of DESPITE. Don't say, "In *despite* of all our efforts to prevent

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him, he departed ” ; omit *in* and *of*, and say, “ *Despite* all our efforts,” etc.

Discriminate in the use of DIRECTLY. Don't say, “ *Directly* he went to the hall, he began to lecture ” ; use *as soon as*.

Discriminate in the use of DISREMEMBER. It is an Americanism and an Hibernianism to say, “ I *disremember* the time of his coming ” ; use the better word *forget*.

Discriminate in the use of DISTINGUISH and DISCRIMINATE. We *distinguish* one thing from another ; we *discriminate* between two or more things. Hence, don't say, “ He *distinguished* between the articles ” ; use *discriminated*.

Discriminate between DOCK and WHARF. The shipping around a city lies at *wharves* and

*piers*, not at *docks*. A *dock* is a place *into* which things are received. Don't say, "He fell off the *dock* into the water"; use *wharf*, *pier*, or *quay*. You might as well say, "He fell off a *hole*."

Discriminate in the use of DONATE. It is an Americanism to say, "He *donated* a large sum of money to the enterprise." Use in similar cases, *gave*, *bestowed upon*, *presented*, or *granted*.

Discriminate in the use of DONE. Don't say, "He *done* it"; use *did*.

Discriminate in the use of DON'T. Don't say, "John *don't* go as I ordered him"; use *doesn't*.

Discriminate in the use of the forms of EAT. It is an obsolescent way of speaking to say,

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“ I *eat* (as though pronounced *et*) the apple.”  
Use *ate*.

Discriminate in the use of EDUCATION. A person may be a man of *education*, who has not been trained in school or college. One may be so trained and yet be a person of little *education*. *Education* includes *instruction* (which may be received in the university of the world) and *breeding*.

Discriminate in the use of EITHER and NEITHER. *Either* properly means the *one* or the *other* of two. “ Give me *either* book,” means, “ Give me the one or the other of two books.” *Either* is often used for *each*. “ He has an estate on *either* side of the stream,” means that he has two estates, one on *each* (or *either*) side of the stream. *Either* and

*neither* are now used in relation to more than two things by good writers, although *any* and *none* are preferable; as, "Any of the four," not "*Either* of the four." "*None* of the five," not "*Neither* of the five."

Discriminate in the use of EVERY. Don't say, "He takes *every* pains," "He deserves *every* charity," "He receives *every* praise," "He is entitled to *every* confidence." Use *all*, *great*, *entire*, or *all possible*.

Discriminate between EVIDENCE and TESTIMONY. *Evidence* is that which tends to convince; *testimony* is that which is *intended* to convince. There may be a great deal of *testimony*, and but little *evidence*.

Discriminate in the use of EXCEPT. Don't say, "No one, *except* he is thoroughly in-

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formed, should speak on the subject." Use *unless*.

Discriminate in the use of EXPECT. Don't say, "I *expect* you had a rough passage." Use *suppose*. We can not *expect* backward.

Discriminate in the use of EXPERIENCE. Don't say, "They *experienced* rough treatment, or usage." Use *suffered*.

Discriminate in the use of EXTEND. Don't say, "He *extended* great courtesy to me"; say, "He *showed* me great courtesy."

Discriminate in the use of FLEE and FLY. Don't say, "They *flew* from the pestilence," "They *flew* from the enemy." Use *fled*. *Flew* is the imperfect tense of *fly*, and is specially used to denote the movement of birds

on the wing, of arrows, rockets, etc. The imperfect tense of *flee* is *fled*.

Discriminate in the use of GET. Don't say, "I have *got* a house, a book, lands," etc. Omit *got*. To indicate mere possession, *have* is sufficient. Don't say, "The man was afraid of *getting* left." Use *being*.

Discriminate in the use of GRATUITOUS. Don't use *gratuitous* in the sense of *unfounded, unwarranted, untrue, unreasonable*. Hence, don't say, "The assumption that his action was disinterested is a *gratuitous* one." Use one of the words given above.

Discriminate in the use of GROW. *Grow* means to increase, or to pass from one state or condition to another; as, to *grow* light, to *grow* dark, to *grow* weary. But what is

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large can not properly be said to *grow* smaller. Use *become* instead.

Discriminate between HAD RATHER and WOULD RATHER. Don't say, "I *had* rather not do it"; say, "I *would* rather not do it."

Discriminate between the use of HEALTHY and WHOLESOME. Don't say, "Apples are *healthy*," "The beet is a *healthy* vegetable." Use *wholesome*.

Discriminate in the use of HOW and THAT. Don't say, "I have heard *how that* people are very sea-sick in crossing the English Channel." Omit *how*.

Discriminate between HURRY and HASTE. *Hurry* denotes not only *haste*, but *haste* with *confusion*, *flutter*, *flurry*, etc. People of sense may be in *haste*, but are not in a *hurry*.



Discriminate between ILL and ILLY. It is better, perhaps, to use the terms *ill*-formed, *ill*-made, *ill*-constructed, than to use the word *illy*. Those writers are in error, who say there is no such word as *illy* in our language. Southey says, "I have *illy* spared so large a band." Its use, however, is rare.

Discriminate between INDIVIDUAL and PERSON. Don't say, "The *individual* who called was not prepossessing," "There were several *individuals* on the wharf." Use *person* or *persons*. *Individual*, etymologically, means that which can not be divided, and is used in respect to persons or things to denote unity.

Discriminate between LAY and LIE. *Lay* is an active-transitive verb, like *love* and *load*.

It takes an objective case directly after it. *Lie* is an intransitive verb, and takes no objective case after it, unless followed by a preposition. Don't say, "He *laid* down to rest," "He is gone to *lay* down"; say, "*lay* down," and "*lie* down." Don't say, "He *lays* ill of a fever," "The steamboat *lays* at the wharf"; say, "*lies* ill," "*lies* at."

Discriminate between LEARN and TEACH. Formerly *learn* was used in the sense of *teach*. It is not so used now. Don't say, "I will *learn* the child his letters." Use *teach*.

Discriminate between LEAVE and LET. Don't say, "*Leave* her be." Use *let*.

Discriminate between LENGTHY and LONG. *Lengthy* is used quite commonly in England,

as well as in America, in place of *long*. It is preferable, however, to say "a *long* sermon," "a *long* speech," "a *long* discussion," instead of *lengthy*.

Discriminate between LESS and FEWER. Don't say, "There were not *less* than forty persons in the room." Use *fewer*.

Discriminate in the use of LIKE and AS. Don't say, "Do *like* I do"; "You must read *like* James does." Use *as*. *Like* is followed by an object only, and does not take a verb in the same construction. *As* is followed by a verb expressed or understood.

Discriminate between LOAN and LEND. Don't say, "*Loan* me your Virgil." Use *lend*.

Discriminate between LOVE and LIKE. *Love* expresses far more than *like*, and implies *de-*

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*votion, absorption, self-sacrifice.* Hence, don't say, "I love beefsteak." Use *like*.

Discriminate between LUXURIOUS and LUXURIANT. *Luxurious* now means, *indulging or delighting in luxury*; as, *luxurious* retirement; *luxurious* ease; a *luxurious* table. *Luxuriant* is confined to excessive growth or production; as, *luxuriant* branches; *luxuriant* fruits.

Discriminate in the use of MARRY. Richard Grant White says the proper form, in announcing a marriage, is to say, "*Married*, Mary Jones to John Smith." To *marry* is to give or be given to a husband. The woman is *married* to the man.

Discriminate between MISTAKE and MISTAKEN. Don't say, "If I am not *mistaken*, you are

taking the wrong road." Say, "If I *mistake* not." Don't say, "I repeat that you are *mis-taken* in your opinion." Say, "You *mis-take*," etc.

Discriminate between MOST and ALMOST.  
Don't say, "He goes there *most* every day."  
Use *almost*.

Discriminate in the use of MUTUAL. Don't say, "They had a *mutual* friend," say "a *common* friend." *Mutual* properly relates to *two* persons, and implies something reciprocally given and received; as, *mutual* love; *mutual* friendship.

Discriminate between NAMED and MENTIONED.  
Don't say, "I *named* the occurrence to no one." Use *mentioned*.

Discriminate in the use of NEITHER and NOR.

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Don't say, "He would *neither* give house, *nor* land, *nor* money." Say, "He would give *neither* house," etc. The conjunction must be placed *before* the excluded object. Don't say, "He can *neither* help his infirmity *nor* his weakness." Say, "He can help *neither* his infirmity," etc.

Discriminate in the use of NEW. Don't say, "He had a *new* suit of clothes and a *new* pair of mittens." Say, "a suit of *new* clothes, a pair of *new* mittens."

Discriminate in the use of NICE. Don't say, "It was a *nice* performance"; "He was a *nice* speaker"; "The streets were *nice*." Use some better adjective. Restrict *nice* to such uses as a *nice* distinction, a *nice* point, a *nice* discrimination, a *nice* person, and the like.

Discriminate in the use of NICELY. Don't say, when asked, "How do you do?" "*Nicely*"; "How are you?" "*Nicely*." A critic calls such an answer "*popinjay* English."

Discriminate in the use of NOT. When *not* stands in the first member of a sentence, it must be followed by *nor* or *neither*. "*Not* for money *nor* for influence will he yield"; "He will *not* go, *neither* shall you." It would be an imperfect negation to say, "Henry and Charles were *not* present." The sentence means they were not present *in company*. It would not exclude the presence of one of them. It should be written, "*Neither* Charles *nor* Henry was present."

Discriminate in the use of NOTORIOUS and NOTED. *Notorious* is properly used in a bad

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sense only ; *noted* may be used in a good or a bad sense. *Notorious* persons we should be shy of. *Noted* persons may or may not be characters to be shunned.

Discriminate in the use of the preposition OF after the adverb OFF. Don't say, "Six yards of silk were cut *off of* that piece"; "The apples dropped *off of* that tree." Omit the *of*.

Discriminate between OF and ON. Don't say, "Think *on* the one who gave you this"; "Dost thou think *on* the times we spent together?" Use *of*.

Discriminate in the use of OF ALL OTHERS. Don't say, "*Of all other* sins, ingratitude is the basest." This would mean that ingratitude is one of the *other* sins. A thing can



not be *another* thing, nor can it be one of a number of *other* things. The sentence should be, "*Of all sins* ingratitude is the basest," or, "The sin of ingratitude is the basest of *all* the sins."

Discriminate in the use of the words OF ANY.

Don't say, "This is the greatest *of any* I have ever seen"; say, "The greatest *of all*," etc.

Discriminate in the use of OLDER and ELDER.

Two or three examples will illustrate their use. "The *elder* son is the most gifted in the family; he is *older* than his brother by five years"; "He is the *older* soldier of the two, and the *oldest* in the regiment." "He is the *elder* of the two poets, and the *eldest* poet in the realm."

Discriminate in the use of ON. Don't say, "He got *on to* a chair, a horse, a veranda," etc. Omit *to*.

Discriminate in the use of ONLY. Don't say, "They *only* sent four men to repair the track"; say, "They sent *only*," etc. "Articles of genuine merit will *only* appear in the paper"; say, "genuine merit *only*." "They will not come, *only* when they are called." Use *except* or *unless*.

Discriminate in the use of OUGHT and SHOULD. *Ought* implies that we are morally bound to do something. *Should* is not quite so strong a term. We *ought* to be honest; we *should* be tender toward little children.

Discriminate in the use of OVERFLOWN. Don't say, "The river has *overflown* its banks."

Use *overflowed*. A river does not *fly over* anything.

Discriminate in the use of PARTICIPLES. Don't say, "The *making* the book-case was troublesome"; say, "The *making of*," etc. "The *using* the mucilage was an annoyance"; say, "*using of*."

Discriminate between PARTY and PERSON. Don't say, "That *party* is always present when not wanted." Use *person*.

Discriminate in the use of PATRON, PATRONIZE, and PATRONAGE. Don't say, "I solicit your *patronage*," "I give my *patrons* good measure," "Mr. Brown *patronizes* me." Use *custom, customers, favors me with his custom*. A man who has patrons is under obligations to them as a kind of a *protégé*. A prince

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may *patronize* a tradesman where princes are to be found.

Discriminate in the use of PER. Use *per* before Latin nouns only; as, *per* cent, *per* diem, *per* annum. Before English words use *a*; as, *a* dollar *a* day, ten dollars *a* ton, ten cents *a* pound.

Discriminate in the use of PERFORM. Don't say, "He *performs* on the organ exquisitely." Use *plays*.

Discriminate between PERPETUALLY and CONTINUALLY. Don't say, "He is *perpetually* talking about himself." Use *continually*. *Perpetual* means never ceasing; *continual*, that which is constantly renewed, with, perhaps, frequent stops and interruptions.

Discriminate in the use of the forms of PLEAD.

Don't say, "He *plead* (plěd) guilty," "The lawyer should have *plead* (plěd) more earnestly"; say, *pleaded*.

Discriminate between PLENTIFUL and PLENTY.

Don't say, "Money is *plenty*"; say, *plentiful*. *Plenty* in such cases is condemned by the best critics.

Discriminate in the use of POLITE and KIND.

Don't say, "Your *polite* invitation was received"; "You are very *polite* in being so obliging"; "They gave us a *polite* reception." Use *kind*.

Discriminate between PORTION and PART.

Don't say, "A large *portion* of the street was obstructed by the crowd"; say, "a large *part*." A *portion* is a *part* set aside

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for a special purpose, or to be considered by itself.

Discriminate between POSTED and INFORMED.

Don't say, "He *posted* me up in the matter."  
"I ought to have been better *posted*"; say,  
"*Informed* me as to the matter," "have been better *informed*."

Discriminate in the use of PREDICATE. Don't say, "I *predicate* my opinion on his statement." Use *base*. *Predicate* is used in the sense of *assumed*, or believed to be the consequence of. For example, "Success may be *predicated* of business sagacity and perseverance."

Discriminate in the use of PREJUDICE and PREPOSSESS. Don't say, "I am *prejudiced* in his favor." Use *prepossessed*. *Prejudice* is

used in an *unfavorable* sense, as, "He was *prejudiced* against him."

Discriminate between PRESENT' and INTRODUCE. Richard Grant White affirms that the use of *present* for *introduce* is an affectation. Persons of a certain rank are *presented* at court. We *present* foreign ministers to the President; we *introduce*, or should *introduce*, our friends to each other.

Discriminate in the use of PREVIOUS and PREVIOUSLY. Don't say, "*Previous* to his going, he left a present." Use *previously*. *Previous* is an *adjective*, not an *adverb*.

Discriminate between PROMISE and ASSURE. Don't say, "I *promise* you we had a good time." Use *assure*.

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Discriminate between QUANTITY and NUMBER. Don't say, "What *quantity* of melons have you?" Use *number*. Don't say, "What *number* of apples have you?" Say, "What *quantity*." *Quantity* refers to that which is *weighed* or *measured*; *number* to that which is *counted*.

Discriminate in the use of QUITE. Don't say, "He had *quite* a fortune left him," "*Quite* a number were present"; say, "a *considerable* fortune," "a *considerable* number." Don't say, "He is *quite* a gentleman"; say, "*quite* gentlemanly." *Quite* may qualify an *adjective*, but not a *noun*.

Discriminate between RARE and RARELY. Don't say, "It is very *rarely* that a man will accuse himself of crime." Use *rare*. We



might just as well say, "It is very *sadly* that he should do so."

Discriminate in the use of REAL. It is an Americanism to say "It is *real* nice, *real* beautiful, *real* good," etc. Use *very*.

Discriminate in the use of RECOMMENDED and COUNSELED. In the sentence, "It was resolved by the meeting that the school board be *recommended* to use as a text-book," etc., use *counseled*.

Discriminate between REMEMBER and RECOLLECT. One must not be confounded with the other. We try to *recollect* a thing or an event, when we do not *remember* it. The act of *re-collecting*—*recollecting*—the facts precedes the act of *remembering*.

Discriminate between RELIGION and PIETY.

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Max Müller says: "*Religion* means two very different things. It means a body of doctrines handed down by tradition, or in canonical books, and containing all that constitutes the faith of Jew, Christian, or Hindoo. It also means that faculty which, independent of, nay, in spite of, sense and reason, enables man to apprehend the Infinite under different names and under varying guises." "*Piety*," Richard Grant White contends, "is that motive of human action which has its spring in the desire to do good, in the reverence of what is good, and in the spontaneous respect for the claims of kindred or gratitude. Hence, there are many *religions*, but one *piety*. Men holding different views of *religion*, as Mohammedans, Roman Catholics, and Protestants, may be *pious* with the same *piety*."

Discriminate in the use of RENDITION, RENDERING, and PERFORMANCE. Don't say, "The *rendition* of the character was admirable"; use *rendering*. "The *rendition* of the play was excellent"; use *performance*. *Rendition* means a yielding, a surrendering, as of a town, fortress, etc.

Discriminate in the use of RIDE and DRIVE. Although *ride* means, according to nearly all the English and American dictionaries, "an excursion on horseback, or in a carriage," fashion says we must use *drive* instead. Hence, to be fashionable, don't say, "I am going for a *ride*"; use *drive*.

Discriminate in the use of RIGHT. Don't say, "You had a *right* to speak"; say, "you *ought*"; "They had no *right* to pay the ex-

cessive charges"; say, "They were *under no obligation*," or "*were not in duty bound*," etc. Don't say, "*Right here*," and "*right there*"; say "*just here*," and "*just there*."

Discriminate in the use of SAW. When the period of time referred to by a speaker or writer extends to the time of making a statement, the perfect participle, *have seen*, must be used instead of *saw*. Hence, don't say, "I never *saw* such a beautiful sunset before"; use *have seen*. It is correct to say, "I never *saw* such a beautiful sunset, *when I was in London*."

Discriminate in the use of SECTION. It is an Americanism to use *section* for a region, portion of country, neighborhood, or vicinity.

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Discriminate in the use of SELDOM. Don't say, "He comes *seldom or ever*"; say, "*seldom if ever*," or "*seldom or never*."

Discriminate between SET and SIT. To *set* means to put, to place, to plant, to fix. To *sit* means to rest on the haunches, to remain in a state of repose, to perch, as a bird, etc. We *set* apart, *set* aside, *set* about, and *set* down (some article), or (in writing). We *sit* on a chair, or a *horse*. We *sit* up and *sit* down. We *set* a hen, and a hen *sits* on eggs. We should say, therefore, "As cross as a *sitting* (not *setting*) hen."

Discriminate between SHALL and WILL. The "Imperial Dictionary" says: (*a.*) "*Shall* is used as an auxiliary to express mere futurity, forming the first persons singular and plural

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of the future tense (including the future perfect), and simply foretelling or declaring what is to take place = am to, are to ; as, 'I or we *shall* ride to town on Monday.' This declaration simply informs another of a fact that is to take place. Of course, there may be an intention or determination in the mind of the speaker, but *shall* does not express this in the first person, though *will* does ; I *will* go, being equivalent to I am determined to go, I have made up my mind to go. Hence, I *will* be obliged, or we *will* be forced, to go, is quite wrong. The rest of the simple future is formed by the auxiliary *will* ; that is to say, the future in full is, I *shall*, thou *wilt*, he *will*, we *shall*, you *will*, they *will*. In indirect narrative, however, *shall* may express mere futurity in the second

and third persons in such sentences as, he says or thinks he *shall* go. (b.) In the second and third persons *shall* implies (1) control or authority on the part of the speaker, and is used to express a promise, command, or determination; as, you *shall* receive your wages; he *shall* receive his wages; these phrases having the force of a promise in the person uttering them; thou *shalt* not kill; he may refuse to go, but for all that he *shall* go. (2) Or it implies necessity or inevitability, futurity thought certain and answered for by the speaker.

‘Sorrow on love hereafter *shall* attend.’—*Shakespeare*.

‘He that escapes me without some broken limb *shall* acquit him well.’—*Shakespeare*.

“In the first person, I (we) *will*, the word de-

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notes willingness, consent, intention, or promise; and, when emphasized, it indicates determination or fixed purpose; as, I *will* go, if you please; I *will* go at all hazards; I *will* have it in spite of him. In the second and third persons *will* expresses only a simple future or certainty, the idea of volition, purpose, or wish being lost; thus, 'you *will* go,' or 'he *will* go,' indicates a future event only. The second person may also be used as a polite command; as, you *will* be sure to do as I have told you.—As regards *will* in questions, Mr. R. Grant White lays down the following rules: '*Will* is never to be used as a question with the first person; as, *will* I go? A man can not ask if he wills to do anything that he must know and only he knows. . . . As a question, *will* in the second



person asks the intention of the person addressed ; as, *will* you go to-morrow?—that is, do you mean to go to-morrow? . . . As a question, *will* in the third person asks what is to be the future action of the person spoken of, with a necessary reference to intention ; as, *will* he go?—that is, Is he going? Does he mean to go, and is his going sure?' Simple futurity with the first person is appropriately expressed by *shall*."

SHOULD and WOULD follow the general rules of *shall* and *will*. *Would* is often used for *should*; *should* rarely for *would*. Mr. R. Grant White says: "I do not know in English literature another passage in which the distinction between *shall* and *will* and *would* and *should* is at once so elegantly, so various-

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ly, so precisely, and so compactly illustrated, as in the following lines from a song in Sir George Etherege's 'She Would if She Could' (1704):

'How long I *shall* love him I can no more tell,  
Than, had I a fever, when I *should* be well.  
My passion *shall* kill me before I *will* show it,  
And yet I *would* give all the world he did know it;  
But oh how I sigh, when I think *should* he woo me,  
I can not refuse what I know *would* undo me!'"

Discriminate in the use of SICK and ILL. *Sick* is the stronger word of the two, and is generally the better word to use. In England, *ill* is more frequently employed than with us. *Sick*, there, is in general restricted to the expressing of nausea; as, "*Sick* at the stomach."

Discriminate in the use of SIGNATURE. Don't

say, "He wrote *over* his signature." Use *under*. The word *under* does not mean that the paper is *under* the hand in writing, but *under* the guarantee of one's signature, or seal, or *under* one's character, without disguise, or *under* a disguise, as, "He wrote *under* the name of 'Mark Twain.'"

Discriminate between SINCE and AGO. *Since* is often used for *ago*, but *ago* never for *since*. "Not long *since*," or "not long *ago*." *Since* is followed by a verbal clause; as, "*Since* they met you"; "*Since* they were here."

Discriminate in the use of SOME, SOMEWHAT, and ABOUT. Don't say, "He has improved *some* since you saw him." Use *somewhat*. Don't say, "You will find the place *some* ten miles distant." Use *about*.

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Discriminate in the use of such adjectives and phrases as **SPLENDID**, **AWFUL**, **PERFECTLY SPLENDID**, **PERFECTLY AWFUL**. Don't use these words when trivial things or events are spoken of. "She is too *perfectly splendid* for anything"; "Her dress was *perfectly awful*." Use more moderate and expressive terms.

Discriminate between **STATE** and **SAY**. Don't say, "A man *states* that the street is undergoing repairs." Use *says*. *State* is a far more formal word than *say*, meaning to set forth the condition under which a person, or a thing, or a cause stands; as, "A merchant makes a *statement* of his financial condition."

Discriminate between **STOP** and **STAY**. Don't say, "Where are you *stopping*?" Use *stay*.

*ing.* To *stop* means to cease going forward. To *stay* means to abide; to dwell; to sojourn; to tarry. We *stay* at a friend's, at home, at a hotel.

Discriminate in the use of STORM. A *storm* denotes a violent condition of the atmosphere. It is wrong to say, "It *storms*," when it simply rains or snows.

Discriminate in the use of SUCH and SO. Don't say, "*Such* a handsome bonnet"; "*Such* a lovely girl"; "*Such* a rough road." Use *so* handsome, *so* lovely, etc.

Discriminate between TAKE and HAVE. High authority claims that we must not say, "*Take* dinner, tea, coffee, salad, beef," etc.; but must use "*have* some dinner, tea," etc.

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Discriminate in the use of TASTE. When *taste* is used transitively, it should not be followed by *of*. Don't say, "*Taste of the meat*"; "*Taste of the preserves*"; omit *of*. The same rule applies to *smell*. The intransitive verbs *taste* and *smell* are often followed by *of*; as, "The bread *tastes of* fish"; "It *smells of* creosote."

Discriminate in the use of THAN and AS. *Than* and *as*, implying comparison, take the same case after as before them. "I rode farther *than* he (rode)"; not *him*. "He is richer *than* she"; not *her*. "You are stronger *than* I"; not *me*. The nominative case does not always follow *than* or *as*. "I esteem you more *than him*"; that is to say, "I esteem you more *than I esteem him*"; "I will carry you farther *than him*." It thus

depends upon the meaning one intends to convey, whether *he* or *him* shall be used.

Discriminate in the use of the article **THE**. Always place it before such adjectives as **REVEREND, HONORABLE**; as, "*The* Rev. Canon Farrar"; "*The* Honorable Charles Sumner."

Discriminate in the use of **THINK**. Don't say, "It cost me more than you *think for*"; omit *for*.

Discriminate in the use of **THOSE**. Don't say, "*Those* kind of cattle are the best"; "*Those* kind of people are not to be trusted"; "*Those* kind of lemons are to be preferred." Say, "*That* kind of cattle is the best"; "*That* kind of people is not to be trusted"; "*That* kind of lemons is to be preferred."

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Discriminate in the use of TRANSPIRE. *Transpire* is properly used of that which escapes from secrecy, or which leaks out. Don't say, "A fire *transpired* yesterday"; "Months will *transpire* before Christmas comes." Say "*occurred*," "will *occur*." It is correct to say, "The jurors did not let any report of their proceedings *transpire*."

Discriminate in the use of TRY and MAKE. Don't say, "I *tried* the experiment." Use *made*. To use *tried* would be equivalent to saying, "I *tried* the *attempt* on the *trial*."


Discriminate between VOCATION and AVOCATION. A man's *vocation* is his business, his calling, his profession. His *avocation* is his occasional business; that with which he fills his time. Such *avocation* may be recreation.



Discriminate between WAS and IS. What is true at all times should be expressed by *is*, or a verb in the present tense. "He came to the conclusion that there *was* no immortality"; "The greatest of Bryant's poems *was* 'Thanatopsis.'" In both cases, use *is*.

Discriminate in the use of WHENCE, HENCE, and THENCE. Don't say, "From *whence* do you come?"; "He went from *hence*"; "He came from *thence*." Say "*whence*," "*hence*," "*thence*." *From* is superfluous.

Discriminate in the use of WITHOUT and UNLESS. Don't say, "I shall not depart *without* my parents' consent"; "You will never perform that example *without* you study." Say, "*Without* the consent of my parents, or,



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*unless* my parents consent"; "*unless* you study."

Discriminate in the use of WITNESS and SEE.

Don't say, "This is the most awful sea I ever *witnessed*." Use *saw*. *Witness* properly means testimony from personal knowledge. A man *witnesses* a murder, a theft, and the like.





## Notes and Addenda.



### PREPOSITIONS.

**DISCRIMINATE** in the use of **ABOVE**, **OVER**, **BEYOND**, and **UPON**. *Over* relates to an extension along the upper surface of an object. *Above* does not convey the idea of contact with the body below it. *Over* may or may not imply such contact. *Beyond* has reference to the farther side, or most distant side, of an object. *Upon* relates to the contact of one body with the upper surface of another, thus: "He wandered *over* the earth." "The fowls that fly *above* the earth." "*Beyond* that flaming hill." "He kept watch *upon* the tower." Figuratively, *above* denotes superiority, as, the

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President is *above* his Cabinet; *over* carries the idea of authority, as, the foreman is *over* the workmen; *upon* denotes immediate influence, as, the effect of the sermon *upon* the congregation; *beyond* gives the idea of extent; as, the power of the British throne *beyond* the United Kingdom. *Above* and *over* are often used interchangeably; as, the clouds *above* us or *over* us.

Discriminate in the use of ACROSS, OVER, and THROUGH. *Across* and *over* have frequently the same meaning; as, to go *over* a bridge or *across* a bridge. *Over* generally carries the idea of something more than mere length, in distinction from *across*. Thus, "He walked *over* the farm," conveys a different idea from the expression "He walked *across* the farm." *Through* conveys the idea of "from outside to outside"; while *across* simply means from side to side. Thus, "He

went *through* the hall." "He went *across* the hall."

Discriminate between AMID or AMIDST, and AMONG or AMONGST. *Amid* or *amidst* denotes in the midst or middle of, and hence surrounded by; as, a tree *amidst* the garden. *Among*, or *amongst*, as its etymology implies, denotes mixed or mingled with. It refers to a conjoining or association or collection of objects with which something is intermixed or mingled; as, "The philosopher was *among* his friends"; "The document was found *among* the books." We may say, "*Among* the teachers, *among* the Frenchmen, *among* the opinions entertained, *among* the ideas promulgated," but we could not use *amid* or *amidst* in such cases. We may say *amidst* dangers, *amidst* afflictions, *amidst* sorrows. *Among* or *amongst* could not be so employed.

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Discriminate between AT and BY. Both these words indicate *nearness*, but *at* gives peculiarly the idea of particular or customary nearness. "He stood *at* the hall-door," means more than "He stood *by* it," the first indicating the closest proximity, the other meaning in the neighborhood or vicinity, or near to it.

Discriminate between AT and IN. *At* is a less definite term than *in*. "He stood *at* the palace-door," may mean *in* or very close to the entrance of the palace. While *in* makes prominent a reference to the *interior*, *at* does not do so. Before small towns and villages, and foreign cities far remote, *at* should be used; as, "He did business *at* Red Hook." "They had an office *at* Monmouth." "She spent the winter *at* Honolulu." *In* should be used before the names of the great political or geographical divisions of the globe,

or before those of countries and large cities ; as, "He taught in London." "They performed in New York." *At* should be used before the *number* of a street and *in* (not *on*) before the *name* of the street. "He resides *at* No. 160, *in* Brunswick Terrace." *At* should be used after the verb TOUCH ; as, "The steamer touched *at* Bermuda."

Discriminate between BELOW and BENEATH. Beneath is a stronger term than BELOW. If a thing is simply lower than the position we occupy, we say, "It is *below* us" ; when very far below, we say, "It is *beneath* us." When we wish figuratively to express contemptuously something very low, *beneath* and not *below* should be used ; as, "He is *beneath* (not *below*) our regard." "Such conduct is *beneath* the character of the officer, the dignity of the occasion," etc.

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Discriminate between BESIDE and BESIDES. *Beside* means "by or at the side of"; as, "He was sitting *beside* me." It also means "aside from," "apart from," or "out of"; as, "He was *beside* himself." *Besides* means specially "in addition to," "moreover"; as, "Other persons were there *besides* those mentioned." *Beside* and *besides* are interchangeable in the sense of "over and above," "distinct from," although *besides* is more generally used.

Discriminate between BY and NEAR. *By* denotes closer proximity than *near*. Thus, "He sat *by* me" means "close to me." "He sat *near* me" might indicate an intervening object or person.

Discriminate between BY, WITH, and THROUGH. *By* is used to denote the conscious agent, *with* and *through* in general the instrument. Thus, "*Through* the information given the general, and



*with* the aid of the auxiliaries, the enemy was routed *by* him."

Discriminate between IN and INTO. *Into* should be used and not *in* after a verb of motion, or when insertion or entrance is denoted. Thus, "He went *into* the house." "They rode *into* the park." *In*, denoting presence or situation *within* limits, should be used in such sentences as "They had a pleasant drive *in* the park." *In* is frequently used for *into* when the noun is omitted to which it properly belongs ; as, "They have come *in*," i. e., *into* the room. "The steamer has come *in*," i. e., has come *into* port. We may say, in general, that *into* indicates entrance, change, or motion in a more marked degree than *in*.

Discriminate between IN and ON. When points of temporary destination are indicated, *on* is used ; as, "He went *on* the steamboat to see his friends."

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When a passage is intended, *in* is employed ; as, "They rode *in* the cars." English usage differs from ours in the use of these words in such cases as, "He paid four shillings *in* the pound." We say, "He paid fifty cents *on* the dollar."

Discriminate between IN and WITHIN. In some cases *within* is more emphatic than *in*, in other cases it is less emphatic. To say, "The office was *within* his grasp," does not mean the same as "The office was *in* his grasp." The first sentence would indicate that it was *within* the compass of his grasp, the second that it was *actually in* his grasp. The words are often used interchangeably ; as, "*Within* the range of his vision," or, "*in* the range," etc.

Discriminate between TO and AT. *To* primarily indicates motion, denoting approach and arrival, movement or direction toward a place or thing ;

as, "They went *to* New York." It is permissible to say, "They have been *to* Boston," "He has been *to* church," "They have been *to* dinner," because the idea of motion is given. *At* denotes, in its primary meaning, contiguity, nearness, or presence in reference to locality; as, "They are *at* (not *to*) the Fifth Avenue Hotel." It also denotes the relation of action or employment, of state or condition; as, "They were all set *at* work again." "Some were working *at* painting, some *at* carving, some *at* stamping." "These nations were *at* war with each other."

IS BEING BUILT.—There has been much animated discussion on the question whether *is being built* and all like expressions are allowable in our language. Mr. Richard Grant White devotes thirty pages of his work on "Words and their Uses" to prove that such forms of speech "affront the

eye, torment the ear, and assault the common sense of the speaker of plain and idiomatic English." Brown, in his "Grammar of English Grammar," Wells, in his "School Grammar," Bullions, in his "Grammar of the English Language," Mr. George P. Marsh, in his "Lectures on the English Language," with a number of other grammarians and critics, also condemn their use. These writers claim that the old-established usage of the language gives a *passive* sense to the participle ending in *ing*, thus, "The house is building"; "The garments are making"; "Corn is selling." Without entering into a detailed account of the controversy between the eminent advocates of the two forms, "The house *is building*," "The house *is being built*," etc., we may say that the very best authorities use either form at pleasure.



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